A

COMEDY,

CALLED

The Marriage Broaker:

OR,

THE PANDER.

BIBLIOTECA · PUBBLICA

Written by *M. W.* M. A.

LONDON, Printed in the year 1662.

The Speakers.

Old *Goodwit*; Uncle to *Crab*, and his Guardian.
Crab; a young Heir.
Eliſa; Siſter to *Crab*.
Young *Goodwit*; a Traveller.
Winifrid; Daughter to old *Goodwit*.
Friendly; a Compleat Gentleman.
Shift; his Name ſpeaks him.
Derrick; the Marriage-Broaker.
Dick; a Falconer.
Grace; one that would fain be Honeſt.
Tom Dove; a Huntſman.
Lydia; a Whore.
Hog; a Pander.
Cunnimonger; a Bawd.
Budge; a City Juſtice.
Whittington; a Draper,
Conſtable.
Two Serjeants.

The Scæne, *London*.

The Marriage-Broaker.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Crab *the young Heir*, Goodwit, *and* Dick *the Falconer.*

Goodw.

COme Mr. Crab, tell me how you do like
The glory of the City, and the States
Adorn her. Say, is she bely'd by Fame,
Above the truth of wonder and delight.

Crab. Faith 'tis a brave place; what dost thou say Dick?

Dick. You know the rich complexion of my nose
Could ne're abide the scent of Country aire;
It doth infect our Reason, and inspire
Brutish and earthy spirits: but tell us now,
Where dwell those gentle girles; those coming things?

Crab. 'Death! I forgot my self; yfaith I'le see
Them presently. Good Sir, you are yet to learn
That this fair City is a heaven on earth;
Each beauty is a star, which moves unknown
Its

To

To those who want the skill to shew, where they
Do rise and set, and where appear at noon;
Which wander, which are fixt: the wandring stat
Keeps not one sign ever, but what is now
In *Virgo*, or the sign of maiden-head,
May before long be seen in *Gemini*.

Dick. Faith I do think the maiden-head a signe
To all call'd *Sheet*, before that they have dwelt
Three years i'th tender teenes; a signe I mean,
Barely without the thing. *T. Go.* How old I pray
Was your dear mother then, when you were got;
If she call'd you her heir. *Dick.* Sir, I am call'd
Her heir apparent, though I'me not my fathers:
He was a Knight they say, my mother was
A circumstance of my good Ladies chamber,
Who at fifteen, for better and for worse,
Was to the Falc'ner put for to be mann'd;
When his good Master did it to his hand.
'Twas said I came 8. months before my time,
Yet had I Dad's n'own nose, n'owo eyes, and forehead too;
Though 'twas too narrow for his fair attiring.
But I am counted of the Falc'ner's airy,
Who train'd me up in his own learned skill.

T. Goodw. That is to lure and ly.

Crab. What's this toth' Wenches?

T. Goodw. Sir, I was shewing they were wandring stairs.
Always in motion; but their Caterer
Will soon direct me, whom I'me sure to find
At an old countreyman's of his, who sells
Pierce aguardiency and tobacco.

Dick. Pray sir whats he you call their Caterer?

Goodw. He's one who makes provision for the belly;

Squire

Squire of the Placket, he who in elder times
Was free of this deep secret mysterie.
By the black Character on's Pagan face;
And his unchristned sword was easily known.
But now ---

Crab. No more Sir, of these dreadfull fights,
Their shadows will affright me in my dreames.

Goodw. For your sweet comfort Sir, the thing I meam.
Is a tame beast, yclep'd Captain *Hog*;
One that's so gentle, you may boldly stroke him
The courteous kick to him's a friendly greeting
The whip a pleasing titillation;
The bastinado is his dear delight.
The grand disgust adort, and the aggravio,
He suffers with a Captain's grand contagio.

Crab. Yfaith I love this Captain horribly;
I long to greet him with my courteous heel,
To bore his nose, and thankfully requite
His noble kindnesse with his dear delight.
O bravely rythm'd yfaith! now do I think
How the Gallants will hugg me all, and call me
The noble spark of Sussex: in the country
The people there will point at me, and say.
That's he that beat the Captain. Sirrah, you
Remember to report my brave atchivements.

Dick. O, fear not Sir; I warrant you I'le sing
Your praises most Poetically; swear
You worsled Captain Peek at 12. weapons.

Goodw. What wilt thou say thy Master fought a prize?

Dick. I mean that to the field he challeng'd him
At twenty weapons, came off clear at all,
Without a scratch or scar; then I will shew,
How drinking with another Captain, you
Did tweak him by th' nose about the room,

And

And make him hold your most victorious stirrup

Goodw. What must his horse then keep him company?

Dick. Sir, I do now omit, how searching then
His Captainship, faces about, he did
Eject him with disgrace into the street;
Where 'twas my luck to hold my Master's steed,
That the Soldado might perform my task.

Crab. Gramercy Dick yfaith; this shall be worth
A copie-hold to thee, yfaith la.

Dick. Thanks, good Sir, but will the Captain Caterer
Take the battoon so kindly; I ne're thought
Patience a Souldier's virtue untill now.
Running away, and patientnesse did come
I do believe, in fashion both together.

Goodw. Troth Falconer thou hast flown the truth toth' mark.
But this procurer is indeed no Captain.
Onely he serv'd one, rob'd of his outside;
And where he was not known, usurpt't the name.

Crab. Though I came hither for to see the Wenches,
Yet I will beat this Captain first; you shall
Intreat me hold my hands, and beg my pardon;
Make us both friends in Sack, and ever after
We'le love like children, and be bed-fellows.

Dick. This is his life at home, kissing his maids,
Beating his men, which must not strike again.
Come shew's some Girles, for I do know my Master
Fain would give his cod piece-points to be at her.

Good. Come follow me, I warrant you I'le shew
You game enough, but do not you turn taile.

Crab. Hend shoe turn tail why wherefore come we hither;

But

But let's alone, I warrant you I'le towze
And mowze them too.
Goodw. So so then, come away. *Exeunt.*

Act 1. Scæn. 2. Enter *Derrick* and *Shift.*

Der. Make me beholding to you, Sir I pray.
To let me know who did direct you to me:
Shift. Let my thanks wait upon your pardon, Sir;
He's one that's in your debt, and happily
Would not be known to send a second debtor.
Der. Faith if you come to borrow, you mistake;
And I am richer then I thought my self,
If any man be in my debt.
Shift. I mean, no debt of money, but of happineſſe,
And rich content in the unvalued bleſſing
Of a ſweet, loving, beauteous, vizuous wife.
Der. 'Tis poſſible, though I think our trade
Is laden more with curſes then with prayers.
Shift. Of what occupation then do you
Style your ſelf free.
Der. Faith of the dealing trade,
We are call'd Merchants of the Maidenhead:
Though often I confeſſe we do put off
Frail ware inſtead of whole, that's nought to us:
Caveat emptor; we do promiſe onely,
For the outwards, do you mark me, for the
Outwards alone; as if ſome youthfull Gallant,
(Suppoſe your ſelf) ſhould now deſire my grave
Experience to direct him to a Wife
That's fair and rich, and young. I am reſolv'd
If I preſent him with theſe properties;
I do profeſſe no skill in med'cine Sir;
And tis above my skill to know, who at
Fifteen do make maid's water, and who not;

Who

Who have a worm breeding i'th' tongue, who eat
Musk comfits when they kisse whom secret ills
Molest, which none but mother midnight knowes.
Shift. Leave these to my discovery, if she
Be young and fair, and rich. (but chiefly rich,)
That drug shall cure her other ills beyond
The skill of charming Grandam Water-witch.
Dur. He who profest himself so much in debt
To my direction, might have made you know
The clime where my intelligence doth reign,
Which *East-Ind* bounds upon the East, the *West*
Is by the river *Arne* limited;
The *North* by an imaginary line,
The *South* is by the Sea confin'd; within
This round what beauties shine, my skil can shew
Their number and degrees, now I do breathe
Within a forrain air. *Shift.* He gave me then
To know as much, nor is it my desire
To have my blisse thrown in my armes: I'le travail
For it, meet it, or pursue it flying;
Only lend me your aid. *Dur.* Sir, what I lend
I use exact agen, onely I take
My Interest before-hand; but yet first
Besides your goodly person which I'le make
Your Mistris dote upon before she sees,
Let me know how I shall report you else.
Your name, wealth, country, birth and parentage.
What Joynture?
Shift. I have that will please a woman;
Send me to one has power to dispose
Of her own wards, as you use to call um;

I have my self that shall deserve her, and
An active brain to boot, shall win her too.
Der. Pray give me leave to tell your fortune, Sir.
Shift. Read me a good one then.
Der. Good as the starres
Will yeild; in whose decrees you are inrol'd,
An English younger brother, whose Estate
Consists in his annuity and wit:
The starres do tell me your annuity
Is sold, and that your wits are roming after.
Shift. After what romes my wit?
Der. After your tongue.
Which romes before your wit; would any man
Whose words were ushers'd in with knowledge say,
He'd win a wife by his good parts alone?
Shift. Rich men like crafty knaves do need no brokers;
Had I but land and gold, I'de never seek
To your grave wisdome for direction:
But to be short, enrich me with a wife,
And claim an equall share in all my fortunes.
Der. I think that face would tempt a lustie widow (winde.
Shift. He that doth woo a widow hunts the
They are too oft gone over to be caught
By younger Brothers, they have learnt a trick
To cheat the elder now; besides I would
Not go a beaten road *Der.* Last night I heard
Newes from my Diocesse, that the great Heir
Of Sir John Crab lately deceas'd, is straid
With one who calls himself a traveller,
I'th' absence of a carefull uncle, whom,
His brother left a Guardian to his Child.
Shift. The traveller hath married her by this

I warr

I warrant you. *Der* What married the Heir male?
Shift. What's the Heir male to me?
Der. I'l'e shew you Sir.
He has a sister. *Shift.* I let's hear of her.
Der. Her Father living fear'd that she did love
A Gentleman, whose Father's land he bought;
He being sick, with tears besought his brother
He would not this slip of fruitlesse race
Ingrafted in his stock, and by his prayers
Doth with a promise of his faithfull care;
This uncle (sayes my news) intends a quest
Of his lost Ward, artiv'd as he doth hear
Out of the countrey in this little world
Of London. *Shift.* I do apprehend the rest;
That as the traveller entic'd away
The Nephew, his Guardian being absent;
So I should steal away the Neece, while he
Seeks for the Nephew.
Der. Still your tongue prevents
Your wit. His trusty Huntsman he hath sent before
To purchase fair & specious lodgings, meaning
To shew his Neece the City *Shift.* Heard you not
My nose crack Sir, I feel it out of joint
Already: for if she do see the City,
Musk-millions of rich gallants will besiege
Her Fort, and my cake's dowe.
Der. Rye dowe to make
Your Image on, to be the Ideot's Idol.
What does your active brain, your worthy self
Despair? fear not, she shall not dwell so long
I'th' town, nor her acquaintance be so cheap
To every cringer, but believe me I
Am poor in leisure now, see me again
Twixt twelve and one, till then adieu,
'Farewel. *Exit Derick.*

Shift.

Bis. This fellow though he be no Doctor, yet
acts a Fee; the silver key, if my
friend belyes him not,
onely his intelligence but makes him
ar no thing by the year to thousands: well
ope will please him, so, he gets no hire
he deserve it; the old fox may cheat,
tis a science in Ordinaries preacht,
al to lending to be over-reacht. *Exit.*

Act I. Scæn. 3. Enter young *Friendly* and *Phyllis*.

Friend Sister we are not poor, my bare annuity
keep's alive, and had we less, content
make us rich, if our confin'd desires
h only to be what we are, they want
wealth, who disregard it; those who ask
daily almes do shew that we are rich,
we could think so, and compare our state
h theirs, who have to give, cannot be poor.
Phil. Not poor? what's a bare hundred pound
a year?
half the tithe of what my father sold.
Friend. He who desires no more then what's e-
nough,
rows from smaller, and from greater summs
h equal joy; he who doth drink no more
es will extinguish thirst, is pleas'd as well
h a small spring as with a swelling stream.
d were we stript of all, of all forlorn;
me's none can be so poor as he was born.
Phil. Our want with this Philosophy doth well
ee; but yet I hope your constancie
ll yield it a far lesse uneasie task
commend poverty, then suffer it.

Friend.

Friend. Not so, for Wit is heaven's gift to those
Are shapt of purer clay; but patience
Each noble mind bestowes upon it self.
Phil. Brother, I must confesse my miserie
The lesse, by your example of a just
And worthy scorn of Fortune's injuries.
But the rich blessing of Elisa's love
Doth sweeten your calamities, while I
Wanting invitings Dowrie, may receive
Unwelcome praises for my Chastity:
A virtue now clean worn out of fashion,
Though few commend their abstinence from meat,
Who fast because they have not what to eat.
Friend. The hopes of my Elisa did expire,
When for a legacie her dying father
Doom'd my exilement from her blessed sight:
But he can ne're divorce our soules. last night
Her heavenly shape in a most lively dream
Shadow'd my fancie; I then saw, or thought
I saw, but sure I saw the Queen of Love
Give her a milky Dove, fellow to that
She sold to her Anacreon for a hymne,
From which she borrow'd instantly a quill,
With which she writ such lines of love, the words
Distilling Joy, as if they flowed from
A pen that's snatcht from Cupid's wing; she folds,
And seales the letter with a bleeding heart,
The witnesse of the truth She writ, and then
First superscribing it. To her best friend
Friendly she gav't her winged messenger
To bear, when swelling joy lab'ring for room,
Dissolv'd my sleep, and (as the Poet sings)
I wak't, and so all this was but a dream.

Phil.

Phil. Thus the Idea of the Saint which loves
And honours you, presents it self both day
And night to banish carefull thoughts: but I—
Friend. Complain not sister that you are forsaken;
You told me fortune blest you with the sight,
Where you last summer'd, of the wealthy Heir
Who lords it now in my inheritance,
Who swore by's Grandsire's and his Grandam's Saint,
He lov'd you dearly. *Phil.* He did swear indeed,
But so rustically. *Friend.* I never heard
Of a Court fashion yet in Swearing.
And besides the Proclamation forbids it:
Unlesse he'le bestow his Charity on the poor a new way.
But you must give me leave to tell you sister,
Your carriage tow'rds him, ill became your fortune,
That when the land your father sold was thrown
Into your lappe, so proudly you refuse it;
Nor was Elita's brother worthy scorn.
Phil. What would you have me marrie with a fool?
Friend. Great ladies now keep things with baubles sister,
And you may teach him wit and manners too;
And win a fame for bringing up a husband.
Phil. 'Tis sin against a woman's modestie,
To appear yeilding at the first assault:
But if young Crab do woo again, although
Of an Ill name, he shall not want a glance.

Enter *Dow.*

Dow. My old young Master, and my sweet young Mistress.

Give

Give me your golls - - these are the sweetest kisses
I had since I did see you last.

Friend. Tom Dove welcome to th' town.

Phil. This may be Venus Dove,
And then the dream is out.

Dove. You do not dream,
I am indeed Tom Dove, your father's Huntsman;
Who with his land for an appurtenance
Bequeath'd me to the next new Master, I
Am now of counsel to the fair Elisa,
Who in this letter sends you newes and comfort.

Friend. O my presaging thoughts, do I now wake?
Or did I then but dream? the seale agrees

Kisses the Seal.

On which I thus and thus do taste, and seal
My loy, e're I can mask my happinesse.

Dove O Mistress, my young Master sings your praises
Most melodiously; he holds the fish,
Your beauty did make water in his mouth.

Phyl. Fie Thomas, don't bely you Mistresse manners.

Dove. I mean that you did make his mouth to water.
And when he came late home, he did nothing
But sing and caper, and caper and sing

I'le give away my lambes, and sell away my Lambes
To Tuppe with an Ewe so bonny.

Phyl. Well, let him keep his sheep's head to himself,
And I will keep my maidenhead. But what
Are the effectual Ingredients
Of your amazing Letter, which do work

So

So strangely with my brother.

Dove. There is that,
Will moisten his mouth too. something to purge
His melancholy, and make the heart dance.

Friend. Elisa and her uncle coming up
So suddenly! *Dove.* I do believe they are
Arriv'd by this, two dayes are since expir'd
He receiv'd news, his lodgings were provided;
Which time my idle care hath burnt away
In buying knacks and toyes for your sweet Mistresse
And her appendix, though my first charge was
To visit you, but I do hope ---

Friend. Your pardon
Timely prevents your fault, but yet the losse
Of her wise brother doth amaze me, how
Think you to hunt him out? my advice is
To winde thy Horn about the town, he knowes
The summons.

Dove. Therefore he'le not appear. Besides,
The Citizens may take it to themselves;
And I may pull the heard about my eares.

Thyl. Indeed I think him creeping in the horn
Already; if he be not soon reclaimed,
The Gallant hath a most becoming face
To grace the lesser end.

Friend. Come leave your flouting.
Tom, when your newes hath received thanks within.
Then take your leave to wait your Master's coming. *Exeunt.*

Act. I. Scæn. 4. Enter Old *Goodwit*, *Elisa*, and *Winifred*.

Old *Good.* Neece, your are welcome to the Theatre

Of fond delights, the schoole of vanitie;
Where various sights seduce the gazer's eye:
There to be good where nothing tempts to ill,
Is a faint virtue of the weakest mindes.
This is a place will try your Constancie;
Where if it stand unshaken being assail'd,
As it stood firm where there was nought to
shake it;
Though you do not increase your store of virtue,
Yet you shall purchase glorie in reserving
Those graces which were lov'd, admir'd at home.

Elisa. Sir, paying first the thanks which my
dutie owes
Your loving care, my promise shall secure
Your fear, who am the Mistress of a heart
Shall stand unshaken as a rock, against
The furie of the waves, amidst that Sea
Of which (they say) Venus her self was born.

Old *Goodw.* I will not sinne against the soul of
goodnesse,
In doubting yours. Daughter you have a fair
Example, let your imitation
Wait on her virtues. *Win.* Sir, I took her for
My guide, since I first follow'd her, and am
A servant to her worth, and your commands.

Old *Goodw.* You shall do well, my man hath
taken fair
And spacious lodgings for us. I do wonder
They could not hold him to expect our coming.
If he flie out, and my tame Dove prove wilde,
I'le clip his wings; my neece and daughter, I
Must provide questers to retrive the stray.
If in my absence Dove return, let him
Know who's displeas'd, and why.

Elisa. Uncle he shall.

Old *Goodw.* And heare you, Win? forget not
you your charge.

Exit.

Win. My care is ever servant to your will.
Elis. Come Cousin, let me hear this secret charge.
Win. You do not long I hope.
Elis. Not for ripe cherries
In winter, or for oysters in the dog-daies:
But I must tast this secret.
Win. I believe
The relish will displease, but now I think on't.
Last night I had the sweetest dream. me thought ...
Elis. I will not give a farthing for your thought;
What task was that my uncle charg'd you with?
Win. Then I'le disclose what I did mean to keep
Close as my maidenhead; a sweet young gallant
Catching my work, did feel his wantonnesse
Reveng'd with my sharp needle, on which chance
He writ such pitcous verses in the bloud
Which my Stecletto drew; s'wod grieve your heart
To hear his sad laments, he finely swore
My little Instrument was Cupid's dart.
And though the god were blind, his darts could see,
Therefore he said my needle had an eye:
Then he protested the bloud wherewith he writ
Came from his heart, which he did call the spring
Of Love and Sorrow.
Elis. Cousin you are unkinde,
To cheat me with delayes; your father did
Appoint me your example: when I pray
Did you finde me a niggard of my thoughts?
Are you not conscious of all my secrets,

As if you dwelt within me; I love not
This niceneſſe, but if needs we muſt be ſtrangers--

Win. Pray heaven I have not gotten you with childe,
I'me ſure you have no other bed-fellow.

Eliſ. Yes Win, I have; whom might I once embrace.
A man of ſich deſert.

Win. *Benedicite!* a man lie with us, and I feel him not?

Eliſ. You oft have known me name my ſervant Friendly.
'Tis he I mean, his virtues dwell with me:
And the bleſt ſhape enſhrines them to my thoughts
Is ever preſent; you have ſeen his tokens,
Heard our loves firſt beginning, but now you--

Win. No more, if you'l be ignorant of nothing
Prepare your eares to hear unwelcome newes;
My charge is to preſerve you from the ſight
Of him you daily ſee, who nightly lies
With you, your Friendly; whom my father hears
To be in town, and fears you'l find a way
To let him know of yours; my office is
To intercept his viſit. *Eliſ.* Will you then
Prove traitor unto love? Couſin beware,
His godhead will revenge your treacherie;
But yet you know him not: if he ſhould act
Our tailor's man, or bring us women's knacks
To ſell, how would your skill diſcover him?

Win. My father told me of a mole he had
By his right eye, that ſigne will betray him.

Eliſ. That mole was given by the god of love;
Who lighting once a taper at his eye,
The baſhfull Lad putting it by, receiv'd

That ornament which Cupid sauteriz'd;
Who unto those who wear his livery
Will be propitious in their worthy Loves.
Win. May he have fortune equal to his wish;
And if you can devise a way to see him,
And I not forfeit my obedience,
My aid shall not be wanting.
Eliz. Now I am
Resolv'd: I will go studie, he shall act
Some new adventure to advance our hope
Shall shame times past, instruct the time to
come. *Exeunt.*

Act. II. Scen. 1.

Enter Derrick.

Der. I do suspect that I do wait at home
For some poor needy Gallant, whose estate
Consists in his good clothes, a handsome face,
And a clean leg to boot; I did forget
To ask his name, but I do swear it is
Unworthy of my knowledge; if he passe
His hour, he shall finde my word is cancell'd.
Enter Shift.
Shift. I've justly kept my time Sir,
Der. Then time cannot
Say you have kept her ill.
Shift. And time keeps me as well.
For I do live *ex tempore*.
Der. I have been looking o're my list, to fit
Your turn; which doth contain of maids four-
score,
Between 15. and five and twenty, three
From thence to 30. after which time, they

Are counted maides of the Religion.

Shift. Pray Sir let's see this map of Maidenheads.

Dev. For my own memorie I'le produce it;
I did describe my contemplations
For my own use, and not for others study. *puts*
I must put on my seeing instruments, *on his*
For to survey this land of *Amazons*. *Spectacles*

Shift. I fear you do see double with those eyes,
And may mistake 2. thousand pound for one.
Pray look for me the most alluring outwards.

Dev. I shall, the first Region comprehends
The maiden beautie, call'd *Virginis*:
And this is thought to be a fertile land,
Now onely wanting the good husband's tillage.

Shift. That should not want, were I it's Governour.

Dev. To each my sure experience hath affixt
Their portion, feature, age, their birth and breeding.
This other side I have design'd for Widows,
Called by some the Island of *Japan*.
A rich and open countrey; though some think
'Tis not the sweetest air; this is divided
'Mongst Widows of the first, second and third heads,
The portion of which last is counted barren.

Shift. But there are Widows of more heads then three.

Dev. True, but my page doth fill with none but those
Which are in danger, Sir, of Matrimony.
Those of the fourth head solace may themselves
In what is past, and with their toothless gumms
Chew on the pleasures of their youth, but few

Can

Can grace 5. fingers with five wedding-ring.
And the example of the wife of Bath
Is in my reading singular. *Shift.* I see
That your inquisitive experience
Hath left a blank for more discoveries.
Der. A wight did come to me for help,
As you do now, did finde my other map, and writ
Terra incognita in the emptie space.
Shift. What's that I pray?
Der. That's land undiscovered,
Which doth invite us unto farther search.
Shift. But there are some unmarried, neither maids
Nor widows, are all such Utopians
In your Geographie? *Der.* If you desire
One that's so qualifi'd, I'le fit you too.
Shift. No Sir, I onely did desire to know
Their place and order in your table.
Der. These
Are registred alone in my black book;
Of these m- Dioceſſe doth yeild but few.
And those transplanted to the city first.
Thence sent unto the place from whence they came.
Shift. Pray Sir instruct me fully in your table;
What mean those lines are drawn hither from thence?
Right and oblique, to and again, much like
The picture of a ship. *Der* Where I am known,
They call't my ship; for on the welcome Eve
Of *Valentine*, once every year, I draw
My Table new; then I expunge those names
Belong not to my office, and adopt new.
When unto those complain of want of wives,
They use to say that Derrick's ship's come home.

Shift. But for the lines.

Der. These I may rightly call
Lines of proportion, which do point you out
The equal matches in the ods of portion.

Shift. I understand you not.

Der. As for example,
This oblique line drawn from the letter *I*
Annext unto a maid that's fair and young,
Whose whole estate is but an hundred pound;
And ending in the letter *O* prefixt
Unto a widow of the second head
That's valu'd at a thousand, doth demonstrate
These matches Geometrically even.

Shift. Trust me your Schemes most mathematically
Exact and curious; but I pray demonstrate
A true proportion in the difference
Of Dowrie 'twixt the maids.

Der. This doth appear
In these lines which are perpendicular;
As thus, the line which falls from the same *I*,
Upon the letter *T*, annext unto
A maid that wants an eye, and Elder by
Ten years, though she exceed 9. hundred pound,
Doth shew the Matches most exactly equal.
Sh. Give me old one ey'd *T* with her full weight,
Then young *I* with two eyes, so much too light;
Let's hear a reason of your confident
Assertion. *Der.* Suppose their age were equal,
T five years younger, and *I* five years elder;
Divide nine hundred into equal parts,
Fiftie, besides four hundred in a part.
T is the worse two hundred for the want
Of her one eye, adde hereunto five years
You did substract, and she is worth two hundred
And fiftie more, there you have half the summe;

From

From *I* deduce five years, and count her eye
Into the match, and the whole sixteen's abated.
Shift. Somewhat obscure, but yet I apprehend.
Five years Increase can make a wife the cheaper
By one in five, then an eye wanting can.
Der. Most righteous truth. O age, age, age in women;
'Tis their chief feat, because the scorn of men.
Shift. And which in all your List wish you me to.
Der. Faith here is one, if you could like her nose;
She's rich enough. *Shift.* What ailes her nose?
Der. There growes
A mole upon't so like a bunch of grapes;
That if you love um you can scarce forbear
The tasting, when her mother was with child
With her, long'd for grapes, at the first minute
Some smell disliking her, she stopt her nose;
And this they say's the cause: but 'tis time I
Put up my pipes. This Gentleman is needy.
Shift. Good Sir, before you ease, let's see the place
Of her you said was coming to the City.
Der. She with her uncle, as I hear's arriv'd;
She's my *Inpriate*, nineteen years her age,
Her Dowrie full 500. pounds a year.
Besides her plate and jewels.
Shift. Good Sir inform me,
Where's her lodging? *Der.* In my pocket now.
Make me beholding to you for your name,
Before we part.
Shift. My name doth call me Shift.
Der. It truly calls you then, a cleanly Gentleman,

I shall report you so. Farewell.

Shift. Nay Sir,

We'le greet in Sack before we part, I owe
A greater debt to your discourse that wine
Vnlocks his breast, but shall my wits refine. *Ex.*

Act. II. Scæn. 2. Enter *Goodwit*, *Hog*, *Crab*, *Falconer*.

Goodw. Captain, how fare the Ladies of the Lake?
Your Mistresses by the Thames side, those Syrens,
Whose beautie and enchanting voice invite
The heedlesse passenger, do they reside
At their old shade? or have they chang'd their shore?

Hog. To shame the devil, their dilapidation
Hath made them stand in need of reparation:
They are now in aedifying Sir.

Goodw. What new ware have you then come in, you dare
Commend to an old friend or a new: will give
The highest price.

Hog. Sir I have fresh and new.
Was never yet broke up to see the Sun,
My good old Mistress Neece, one newly wean'd
From milking, and who hath not yet forgot
To rise betimes i'th' morning, she is now
Learning to swear and talk bawdy, poor fool;
I never saw a worse proficient:
But she is dear, she must not yet fall down
Vnto the hackney price.

Goodw. Let thy old Mistress
Know, I have seen the Indies since I saw her,

And

And brought home gold untry'd, survey that Gallant,
He is a man of gold. *Hog.* Of gold untry'd,
You mean.

Falcon. The Captain doth abuse you Sir,
You hear him say, your metal is untry'd:
Let his eares feel the valour he suspects.

Crab. His looks are too Captainical for me,
They kill at least a mile before he's seen:
Thou know'st that I am mercifull, for once
I'le pardon him, tell him my clemencie.

Fals. Yes, with a witness; Captain, or Captain not,
Know that my Master's of approved might;
He slew the Sussex dragon in the field.

Good. Put in, without an Allegorie too.

Fals. I know not what your Allegories mean,
But I am sure he slew him: yet I see
Him couch his conquering lance against the beast,
Which now with many doublings doth advance
His speckled belly 'gainst the hardy Knight;
I'le leave the rest unto a Poet's quill.

Hog. A Poet's fiction merits no belief.

Fal. This is a storie, and you must believ't;
The skin of the foul fiend is to be seen
In his great hall, would make the blood recoil
Out of your meazeled face, think you I lye?

Crab. O do not anger him; indeed 'tis true,
I dare not in the dark pass through my hall,
For fear of seeing it.

Good. The Captain shall,
Believe the wonder, and report it too.

Falc. 'Tis his best way; this is his eleventh labour,
And this wild boar shall be the twelfth, if he

Injure

Injure his valour with the least suspition.
Hog. Il'e not believe upon compulsion neither;
But for the Senior Don Francisco's sake,
I will embrace his worth.
Crab. O by no means,
My worth loves no embracing. I shall he're
Abide that look, Dick.
Falc. Then't shall not offend you,
Hogs face about.
Hog. Dog's face come out: I will
Not turn my back for thee nor Hercules.
Gond. Nay then I see we must arrest his armes,
Captains should teach their souldiers to obey
By their example.
Crab. Good Senior hold him fast,
Awake my sleeping courage, now I come,
My courteous valour greets the Captain's bum. *He kicks him.*
Gond. I fear you'l beat a hole into his drum.
Falc. 'Tis good to remove the cold sheums from's stomack;
But I believe the physick doth not work;
He spits for't, give him tother dram.
Hog. My stomack's not so cold, but this foul wrong
Hath soon inflam'd it; shall the noble race
Of Boca di la potca be disgraced,
And suffer with an asses patience?
Falc. Divorce your hand, good Captain, from your hilt,
Or with his breath he'l blow you into Atomes.
Hog. I care not for his strongest blasts, he'l find
The Hog foreseeing can prevent the wind.
Crab. For once I'le buy your patience with a Fee,

Nay

Nay keep your distance, for this price you shall
Report that I subdu'd your stubbornness
To my subjection, and did make you yeild
Your slavish neck to my insulting heel.

Hog. I will proclaim your bounty, equal to
Your valour Sir, and both superlative.
This shall buy sacrifice for good S. Crispin,
St. Martin's play-fellow, this day is his;
The night to Crispianus is design'd.

Crab. Is this day Crispin's and I not know it?
Frolick my hearts, this day is my birth day;
I do remember't very well between
The houres of twelve and one i'th' afternoon,
That's about this time, I'me about one & twenty:
Here's chink for to buy sacrifice, we'le make
A merry night for Crispianus sake.

Good. You now like a new Officer should shew
Your power, this one and twenty'th Crispin should.
Heighten your thoughts, & infuse new designs,
To make your servants and your tenants know
They now are subject to a new Lord & Master.

Crab. And well remembred: Dick, you said you spi'd
My uncle here in town, no matter what
His business is, but you shall take my horse and
Ride to my Farm i'th' wild, command my Baily
To sell a hundred weathers, but be sure
You bring the money instantly.

Fair. Before that he hath sold em, he will never do't.
Besides, he feares your uncle.

Crab. I will send
My uncle and him both packing, if they
Displease me, here's my Father's seal, go write
And I'le subscribe, make haste, the moon doth shine; I do

I do not mean to sleep 'till thy return.

Eli. Let not my slowness make you loose your sleeps;
But if I fail, blame sunne, or the knave baily.

Exit.

Good. When you are ready you know where to find us.

Crab Captain, you shall not see the gentle craft
This night; I'le be your Saint, and banish Crispin
And Crispianus from the Calender.

Hog. Sir by your leave, a Crab must first be boyl'd,
Before he can be written in red letters.

Good. He's written in red letters there already,
St. Scotin Cancer is his holiday.

Crab. Well, leave your scoffing; when we have dispatch'd
This Embasie, we'l burn away the day,
And night to boot, in wenching, drink, & play.

Good. The thoughts of one and twenty hath transhap't him;
This humour doth become you, let it not cool;
Who's chaste and sober now, is thought a fool.

Exeunt.

Enter *Elisa* and *Dove.*

Elisa. How? you a lawyer, that is very strange.

Dove. Truer then strange, I'me sure I've spent my Fee,
Before that I have made my motion.

Elisa. What motion mean you?

Dove. That's a strange thing,
You must be Judge too.

Elis. That is nothing strange,
'Tis long agoe since I knew how to judge
'Twixt one that weighs his words, and he which speaks.

What

What others not himself doth understand.

Dove. My meaning's that my motion's unto you.

Elif. 'Tis very likely then that you shall speed.

Dove Nay but I shall not, and besides I will not.

El. You are an honest Lawyer to your Client.

Dove. Honest as any Lawyer of them all.

Elf. But what's the motion?

Dove. 'Tis for a suter. *Elif.* And what's his suit?

Dove. Your humble Orator

Desires a hearing in the Chancery of Cupid.

Elif. He's a fool, for love doth keep

No court of conscience, but for your sake

His suit shall be no sooner heard then ended;

But now in earnest say who is this suter?

Dove. 'Tis not an hour since the old Flaket-broaket

Our neighbour Derrick sends for me to a tavern,

Commends the worth of a young Gallant to me:

Who wonhily bestow'd the pains to lay

Him fast asleep; this Gallant is my Client;

If Derrick lyes not, he can easily spend

Two hundred pound a month.

Elif. 'Tis no great skill,

To spend a thousand, e're since I was 15.

This knave hath talk't of sending suters to me,

But when's this day of hearing?

Dove. Instantly,

Soon as his Barber can wash in sope,

And wring him, sirk up his forehead, slight him

And dight him, point his beard, excise his wit;

Have at you then yfaith.

Elif. I am prepar'd;

O the mysterious arts, and wayes of love!

While others with unmanly care do plume

Their starched looks, to bait the heedless eye;

My

My Friendly to atchieve his hopes, must take
A shape that's loath'd and fearfull in their eyes,
Who know not what's conceal'd in the disguise.
Dev. How Mistresse these are miseries indeed.
Elis. Thomas, you know Venus hath sign'd my love
With her own seal, to know him if he stray.
Dev. His mole you mean.
Elis. You guesse aright, my uncle
Discover'd to my cousin Win this mark,
Which must exclude him from my sight, or she
Forfeits a father's blessing; therefore he
Shall serve me in a blackamoor's disguise.
Dev. I apprehend the rest, that be my care;
This is my Client knocks, I will retire. *knocks*
El. Be within hearing you may take him. *within.*
If that the siege be hot, or last too long.
Enter Shift.
Dev. Sir you are welcome, Venus prosper you.
Shift. Ladie, I have brought a servant to you, sent
By one whose wishes gladly wait on yours.
Elis. Sir, let me beg your pains, to carry back
His gift with thanks, which do attend his care.
Shift. Sweet do not stain your beauty with a sinne,
To scorn the offer'd presence of a friend.
Elis. If you do think me haughty or ingrate,
I'le not unlade you Sir of your opinion;
You have free leave to carry hence that burden.
Shift. I would not, fair one, carry hence your scorn,
Which doth oppresse me with a heavy load;
Rather let it afflict me here. the slave
Your friend did send will sadly bear your yoak,
Though I dare say he may deserve your favour.

Elisa.

Elis. Pray Sir let's hear his worthy properties,
Dances he on the rope, or tumbles, wastes
Has fool's coat to make his mistress merrie?

Shift. All these, 'tis his desire to be a fool;
That's to be fortunate: and now he's like
One dancing on the ropes, ready to fall;
And onely ballast with the pole of Hope;
But if you'le see him tumble, you shall finde
Him active in his vaulting, and he'le runne
Through a small hoop with great agility.

Elis. I may take money to shew him Sir,
Will pay his hire, and keep his Mistress too.

Shift. He'l keep her like a Queen; the envious Sun
Shall not with Rayes (which yeild to her's) impair
Her guarded beauties; the earth, air and sea
Shall pay their tribute to her taste, her bed
Shall be as soft as air, as Phœnix nest
Perfum'd; and as the sun breaks from the East,
So shall she rise, and where she shines, the day
Shall be more bright by her peculiar ray.

Elis. He must have richer qualities can do
These feats, can he not sing and fiddle too?

Shift. He'le sing his Mistress worth, and he will play
Such musick, she will laugh incontinent,
If she'le vouchsafe to be his instrument:
But the best quality my truth can boast,
Is my service, love, and loyalty.

Elis. Why do you name your self? are you that servant?
Pray speak the name of my good friend that sent you.

Shift. I am that he, that sent and brought my self.

Know

Know dearest Lady, 'tis the property,
And the reward of worth, that 'twill not be
Conceal'd; your fame invited me to see,
To love and honour you, and to present
My person and my fortunes for a gift.

Elis. They need no fortunes who are so in-
dow'd;
Nature and art have so enriched you,
That you should injure them, to throw your
merits
On any that's unable to deserve,
Or to requite them; and let me beg of you
To adde this more unto your rich deserts,
My pardon of their too unequal welcome.

Shift. She's taken, taken by the art of man;
My pretty sweetnesse, tast my clemency
In this absolving kiss; this seals thy pardon;
Musk, civet, nectar, marrow of them all,
And all that's sweet do in her kisses meet,
These kisses are dry sweet-meats, pretty mouse,
They'l not extinguish thirst, nor cool the heat
Of panting love, let us in private feast
Our mutual desires with liquid cates,
And juicy gawdies of unvalued rates.

Elis. This fellow sure is travall'd from himself;
Friend if you are at home, I'de speak with you.
Think not a ravisht kisse a pattern of love;
It is a favour which I'le not deny
To the bare outside of a Gentleman,
Which you do seem to wear; but know, rude sir,
That your ungentleness denies your self
That curtesie is owing to your shape.
For my sake practise manners, or else chuse
A Mistress who will suffer your abuse.

Enter *Dove.*

Dove Did you call? *Eli* I meant so; wait me in.

Exeunt; manet Shift.

Shift.

Shift. She's gon, fled, vanisht, so are all my hopes;
Shame ghost the counsel of this breaking fool;
Whose sober thoughts were so precisely nice,
They conceal'd where this wealthy beauty shin'd;
But when the spirit of the Sack had thaw'd
His frozen tongue, in hope to share the pray,
He speedily unfolds her whole condition.
And counsels me to look; my son, sayes he,
This is a name of prosperous presage
With me, which I vouchsafe to give to those
Are by my care promoted to a Bride.
My Son, first know that Love a warfare is,
Where the Commander fights with Stratagems
And courage, he doth bribe the Officers
For to betray their charge; if this not take,
He springs the wall, that valour may prevail
In those designs, where subtilty did fail:
So when thou woo'st, see those are near thy Mistress;
The Chamber Secretary, or the man
Carries her private errands, (then be sent
For th' woman of the dogs to practise on.)
But if this fail, assay to make a breach,
Women are brittle Clay, and made to yeild,
Where manhood shews his standard in the field.
This he call'd counsel of War. May he thrive,
Like to the sage advice he did contrive.

Enter *Dove.*

Dove. What, at your afternoon's devotion sir?
Shift. Yes, I was praying, Sir, for the adversity
Of the old knave that made us two acquainted.
Dove. Believe me, prayer is now out of fashion;
But let not that poor fool afflict your brain;

He's

Shift. But I may send my wishes after him;
Cassandra's miserie still wait on him;
May truth he speaks, wander, and never finde
Any believing ear to entertain it,
That when he preaches youth with vowes
And snowy succulent to wealthie widowes,
They may be infidels to all his doctrines;
Be he the mark't Owle, hooted and cry'd
Into contempt by all the countrey youth
That is unwiv'de, and may all maids that see
This cheating vizor vow virginitie.

Dove. Suffer this shadow vanish from your thoughts,
And be advis'd by me; let not your hopes
Cool in a faint discouragement, because
Your Mistresse gave no adieu at parting;
'Twas onely a maid's niceness, not to seem
Too soon o'recome; invade her with some gift
May speak your love to him, win her's to you.

Shift. I did invade her, and that fiercely too;
But that's the miserie, she doth not love
Invading; and if gifts could take her, freely
I made a tender of my self and fortunes.

Dove Courtship exactly needy, let her know
The richnesse of your love; desire your bounty
To me makes me your friend and servitour;
I know a Blackamoor whose properties
Your knowledge will confesse, deserve promotion,
He sings well, dances, fences, and to grace
These qualities, he can vaticinate
Your Fortunes, and the dark events of Fate,
Unhappily.

Shift. Yet happily his skill
May fail; but why such pains to paint
This smootie piece, with beauteous praise? if you
Can

Can paint the Devil white, what's that to me?
Dove. I'le tell you what, he now doth mourn his want
Of service, in the loss of an old Master.
Shift. He's of the mourning colour, right indeed,
And di'de in grain; but truly I need none.
That tells strange fortunes, or laments his own.
Dove. Nay if you are so wise, at once to spell
And scoffe my purpose, good Sir farewell.
Shift. Be not offended friend, if my despair
Make me inquisitively suspitious
Of any powerfull means, for to advance me
In the high favour of the blest Elisa.
But what for Loves sake of this Blackamoor?
Dove. Advance him in the service of your Mistress,
His honest thanks will twenty ways requite you;
He will bely your Fortunes, swear what lordships
Do call you Master, and what goodly houses
Do mourn your absence, what delightfull gardens
Will freshly spring upon your wedding day,
Being quickned with your Bride's desired rays:
Then he will shew how you bestow your time;
How you do number minutes by your sighes,
And that your tongue each quarter strikes Elisa.
Shift. Thanks honest friend; but dost thou think she will
Accept him from me? *Dov.* If his proper worth
Did not commend him, yet her manners can
Not well refuse what curtesie bestowes.
Shift. I prethee send him to me speedilie.
Dove. Within this hour we'le wait you at your lodging.

Shift,

Shift. 'Till then adieu; this is good husbandrie,
To give what's dear to keep, and cheap to buy.
Exeunt.

Act III. Scæn. 1.

Enter Crab, Lydia, Goodwit, Mrs. Cunnimeg'r, Hog.

Crab. Cheer up my little melancholie mouse,
This is the hour which blest the fatal world
With my auspicious birth, cheer up I say;
I will reward this joy, here's gold to buy
Thee pins, here's more to purchase busks and laces;
And for thy Aunt, here woman hold thy hand,
Here's price for suppage; you noble Frank, and you
Captain, with this and this, carouse a health
Vnto your Soveraign, that's I; this day
I'le be your King.

Goodw. Marrie and shall great Sir,
For Neptune in his regions cannot shew
A fairer King.-- *Hog.* Then your Highness is.

Mrs. Cun. May happiness be my fellow handmaid
Vnto your worth, which crowns you King of bountie.

Hog. Fond woman, leave thy timorous devotion,
Awake my drowsie blade, and boldly dare
Blind Fortune to forsake this royal wight,
That is to be her self unfortunate.

Crab.

Crab. Treason against my royal Majestie,
Good subjects all arrest the treacherous fleet.
Lyd. Fie Michael, are not you asham'd to draw
A naked sword in so great a presence?
Hog. If I thought any treacherie, may you,
Your Aunt, and all the women of the Citie
Prove honest; that is, may I be quite undon.
Crab. For once I'le pardon you my own mistake,
But for the honour of the day; this sword
Shall not be wak't in vain, come kneel you all,
Your loyaltie becomes you, which I'le honour
By dubbing you all Knights and Ladies rise
Sir Francis Curtis, and Sir Captain Hog.
Knights of the noble order of the Crab:
Rise you a toothlesse Ladie of the same.
Goodw. Under your pardon, leige Lord, you might
In more decorum dub Sir Michael Hog
With sword of Bacon, then with Knightly arms.
Crab. Your pardon graciously prevents your chiding,
Because you beg'd it e're you did offend.
You are too bold to interrupt my course,
And I do make my Queen to kneel too long.
Arise my Empress, for a day,
My love, my dove, for ever and aye.
Goodw. Now Mrs. Cunnimonger, thy dull faith may see
What I oft told thee, that I was thy better
Genius, to guide good fortune to thy home:
Whose blindnesse else could never find the way:
In gratefulnesse let thy devotion then
Build Altars to my bounsie, and enshrine
Your great protecting power in beds of down;

On

On which your humblenesse must sacrifice
The first fruits of mature beauties, and their
Sweet maiden honours to my just desires.
Which merits more then naked thanks can pay.
Mrs. Con. Sir I am wholly yours, what would you more?
Good. What would you more? is thy cold putrid corps
An equal recompence, to my rich desert?
You should have wrack't your ingrate fansie, to
Devise a thousand waies for my delight.
You should incontinently send this measled page
To cater for my taste, untasted beauties;
But now you'r wholly mine, what should I more?
Mrs. Con. My meaning was, that my endevours sweat
For your content, and all I can call mine
I freely prostitute to your command.
Hog. And fear not Sir, I will present you fruits
In full maturitie, readie to fall;
But never yet did suffer bruise by falling;
Yet stirred with your gentle breath, their fall
Shall (as your servant) lowly wait your call.
Good. Then I will gild thy fangs, officious swine,
And thou shalt wear my cloth of richest blue,
Shall make thee known by the right famous name
Of the blue Boar of the Bank-side; but while
We talk away the day, our Sovereign
Is still as night; awake, most mighty Sir,
And blesse us with the storie of your dream.
Crab. Why I was thinking how unkinde, and most
Unnatural fool, my wretched father was.
And that which grieves my Highnesse most, they say,
I am

I am so like him.

Mrs. Cun. Let not untimely grief
Eclipse the birth-day of your Majestie;
'Tis in your power to be like whom you please,
Now then be like your self, that is a King.

Crab. I will be like to any man, before
Such an old, doting, and penurious drivel.

Lyd. Now by my truly it doth ill beseem
Your sonne-ship to revile your father thus.

Crab. Peace Chicken; I may call him any thing
Now he's dead, and would that I had known
Him such a coxcombe while he was alive,
I would have better tutour'd him, yfaith la.

Gondw. Though Princes need not show a reason of
Their sayings, yet, dread Sir, give us to know
The cause of this opinion of your father.

Crab. First then you shall swear I am not like him.

Hig. What e're ill manner'd tongue dares to affirm,
Our royal Prince is like the Clown his father;
This often well-approved steel defies him,
Whose righteous point shall stop the mouth of slander.

Gond. Sir, by your worth and vertues I doe swear,
This confirmes you most unlike your father,
Who never was guiltie of worth or vertue.

Mrs. Cun. Sir, I do swear you are most like to him
Whom most you ever lov'd, your lovely self.

Crab. Whom best I ever lov'd, is naught to thee;
Be sure 'twas not my father: but whom now

I love and ever shall, is my sweet Queen,
Who now must kisse the book before she swear
Lyd. Then by my maidenhead I sweat, for I
Have learn't to swear by nothing else, that you
Are so unlike unto your worthless Sire,
That loving you I hate his memorie.
Crab. Then listen Knights and Ladies to my tale,
My doating daddie (most unworthie he
Of such a hopefull son) when he lay sick,
(Most worthie he for to be ever sick,
But that he was more worthie to be dead:)
Fearing his death was nigh, in foolish spight,
Depriv'd his heir the blessing of his life.
Mrs. Cow. O cruel man, O most unnatural father!
Crab. First, on that blessing which he then did bear
Would be his last, he charg'd me I should ne'r
(Vnlesse I were perplext with suites in Law.)
Behold this glorious and delightfull Citie,
Which he then call'd expensive, proud and vain
Hag. O most ignoble slander! and the foulest
That ever stain'd the mouth of Gentleman.
Crab. But that he is descended from my self,
My roial self, he were no Gentleman;
But that's not all; next this, my son, said he,
Abstain from stranger women, that's as I
Interpret it, tast not fair Lydia's sweetnesse.
Good. I rather think he meant that you should feast
Vpon no other dainties, she must be
No stranger to you; is she not your Queen?
Crab. Faith I could give thee leave to best me Frank,
If I did love it; what a dolt was I,

To think my Lydia was a stranger to me!
Goodw. Your royaltie has power to absolve
It self, great Sir, from a far greater crime.
Mrs. Cun. Well, if your father's cruelty did lay
Any more such commands upon your Youth,
It will become your age and noble vertue,
With speed to disobey his cruelties.
Crab. Thy words perswade me: if they do not come
Under the name of counsel, I'le not be
Counsell'd by any she in Christendome.
Mrs Cun. The heavens bless thee from all other counsel
But what thy own discretion shall suggest.
Crab Well said, this night we'le sup with thee, here's gold
To buy engendring meats. I like my Father!
My Lydia adieu until the evening.
Lyd. May mirth still wait on you till your return.
Mrs. Cun. Farewell till then, sweet man, and I'le take care
That then, than thee there's none shall better fare. *Exeunt Cun. & Lydia.*
Crab, Come noble Frank, how shall we overcome,
Or (as some say) begeile these tedious houres?
Goodw. Nay as you please, this day your Kingdome lasts;
You may command these winged posts to flie
With greater speed, or slowly for to walk
Your will; but if you please, we'le hear a Play.
Crab. Content yfaith, they say they are brave things.
Good. They are the truest Image of all Humors, Manners, Conditions; there you may behold

The many winding arts of subtile slaves,
Who like a Cuttle do conceal their fraud
In their own Ink, while they exonerate
The old suspicious Father's purse, to store
The thriftlesse Sons; here may you see the vain
And boasting Souldiers, talking wounds & scars,
To comfort his long fasting steel with
Of some ensuing bloudie feast, and here
Is seen presented the penurious Heir,
The lively image of his Father's manners,
As the Comœdian is of his; but you
Are made of purer clay, sifted and strain'd
From all your Father's dregs; whose tender age
Did nere own Folly for to feed the Stage.

Crab. Thou know'st I am no Niggard, and my Father
Was wont to say I had a Courtly humour,
To which he often did professe such hate,
As now me thinks, I long to be a Courtier.

Goodw. Sir, the first Element of a Courtier is
To be in Debt, the Cris cross is the last.

Crab. Let me alone, I'e learn that lesson quickly
If that thy care will purchase me a Book,
I mean a man of legible belief.

Goodw. Doubt not of store of Horn-books in the Citie;
But know, that my presaging care prevents
Your wishes; I appointed to observe
This road and hour a Draper, whom I meant
To practise Courtship on my self, and if *Enter*
You please, he is your Book, & you may read *Whit*
Faith in his looks; & timely here he comes, *singing*
Mr. Whittington, a good and happy day
Shine fair successe unto your Busie thoughts.

Whit. They meet with good success in meeting you,

And

And I will that daies happineſs commend,
Which bleſſeth us with the ſight of an old friend
Good. I now pronounce you happy in a new,
That is, I will enrich you with the knowledge
Of this deſerving Gentleman, whom when
You have read throughly, you'l maintain, that all
Are Dunces which are ignorant of him.
Whit. Grant me your favour, noble Sir, to ſtudy you.
That I may thrive in goodneſſe by the great
Example of your moſt amazing worth.
Crab. I am no Conjuring book, to be lockt up
From publick view; you have fair leave and free.
Lo I unclaſp my ſelf unto your reading
Good To grace you Sir, his outward worth alone
Shall fill large pages in your Common place Book;
Where at your leiſure, you with joy may read
Your ſelf inroll'd in number of the Faithfull.
Whit. He'le highly grace me; would he try my Faith?
Crab Gramercie honeſtie; when I am Sheriff,
I'le prove thy Faith for half a hundred Liveries.
Goodw. Mean while make trial of his Faith for one,
You ſee my upper garment's courſe and thin,
Make me in this your ſervant, and by th' Faith
Of Mr. Whittington I'le ever call you Maſter.
Crab. Thou injur'ſt much thy ſelf, to take upon thee
This dear condition, and thy friend to boot,
That doſt prevent his bounty by thy ſuite;
For that which he ſhould pray thee to accept,
Command my word, for as my word commands
Good. Let it be of the fineſt black I pray Sir,

And, for you know I am no Hypocrite,
Dispose for an equality of Plush;
I love to have my garments like my self,
Though plain without, yet richly lin'd within.
Whit. It shall be done Sir, and upon my credit,
The outside shall be like your self, that is,
A traveller from Spain; although I dare
Say, that the nappe shall not be worn so bare.
Crab. I pray you Sir acquaint me with some time
Of leisure you can grace me at my lodging;
Some urgent businesse now calls loudly on us,
Or else this afternoon should not divorce us.
Good. That was well spoken Sir & gracefully.
Whit. To wait on you, each minute yeilds me leisure,
Who now am more your servant then the times.
Good. Each morning doth confine him to his studies,
You cannot miss him then within, since you
Have made him now more bookish then he was.
Whit. His nobleness commands my often visits;
But at this time my business equals yours,
Though I in all things else am most unequal:
Therefore I'le beg your leave to take my leave.
Crab. Farewel till next we meet, my faithfull Friend.
Good. Adieu kind Sir; come Master lets away;
'Tis almost time we now were at the Play. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Dove* and *Elisa*.

Dove Prepare your eyes and ears, the Scene is ready;
Your servant acts the Blackamore so well,
You cannot easily know him for your Friend'y.
Elis. Not know him? 'tis a slanderous untruth,
To say a slight disguise can hide his graces:

Were

Were he involv'd within a cloudie mist
By some mysterious charm, a lover's eye
Can chase away those mists, and make them flie
Like to a yeilding vapour 'fore the Sun.
Dove. Well I am sure, if that he had not bin
Of mine own making, I should nere have known
him;
And, but we Painters by our trade do fear
No colours, save his looks had scar'd me,
So they will you, if that you not consider
The inside of the Gipsie is your *Friendly*.
Elis. 'Tis not his outside that I lov'd him for,
Though he be most beyond expression lovely;
For were he truly so as he is painted, (him:
Love should shake hands with Joy for to embrace
But truly say, how this disguise becomes him.
Dove. When I had finisht half my smoory piece,
I did present him with a Glass, wherein
He might behold, and wonder at my skills;
Me seem'd that I had learnt the art to frame
In one space various shapes, for such was he;
Half white and red, and half a Blackamore:
But lo, in him blushing usurpt the place
Of Wonder; 'twas a pleasant sight, to see
On the one side a gracefull modestie
Repose her self upon a bed of roses;
When on the other, the pure sanguine streaming
Striving to overcome the injurie
The Painter did him, made him appear to be
Just like a Negro blowing of a coal.
Elis. For love's sake make no sport of our
misfortunes;
What is all this unto my question?
Dove. I'me shewing how he becomes his vizor;
When I had fully finisht all my work,
He then begins to practise servile gestures,

He seem'd to me to have forgot himself.
It I no wonder then if you not know him.
Elis. Pray strike no more on this ill sounding
string;
Thy self hast seen his modestie to shine
Through his benighted looks, & dost thou think
His other graces are less eminent?
Think'st thou an envious cloud can quite eclipse
Or darken the bright glory of the Sun?
They only yeild a shade, so does this die
Of my best *Friendly* like a shadow, make
This outward glory greater to appear.
Knock within.
Dove. I say no more --- these are your servants
knock. *Exit Dove.*
El. Well, let them in; O heaven, how shall I keep
My countenance, when Friendly is so chang'd;
But when my Love's disguised look's unknown,
Love pardon me, if I not keep my own.
Enter *Shift, Friendly, Dove.*
Shift. Lady vouchsafe a servant from me, whose
desert
Doth lay just claim unto so high preferment.
Eli. I dare not trust your commendations Sir,
You did deceive me in the last you brought me.
Shift. Therefore my care hath sought out one,
whose worth
Will expiate my former Injurie.
Elis. Where is this man of men you so extol?
Shift. Lo this is he, whose waiting humbleness
Doth speak both his condition and desire.
Elis What do you mock me? have you brought
this Glass
To shew my feature, I confess not fair;
Yet not so foul as you would make my soul.
Shift Fair, do not overthrow me with your scorn,
No

Now overthrown with sorrow, for my fault.
Giving this servant for a trust to shew
Your rich perfections by comparison,
Though judging proof will find his service can
Deserve, if nothing else, at least to serve you.
Elis. What strange device is this? or what new way,
That sonnes of night should serve us in the day?
Friend. Think Ladie, that, with vigilant delight,
My care shall ast your pleasure day and night.
Dove. Vouchsafe his service Mistress, let him be
Your black Postillion, and a lively Emblem
Of darksome night that ushers in the day.
Elis. First let me know his properties kind Sir.
Pray you what name doth sign your Blackamore?
Shis. His name was once Thuano hence he is
What your sweet goodness now shall please to call him.
Elis. Thuano, canst thou cross thy armes and sigh:
Or hast thou learnt to personate a sorrow,
To darken more thy darkned countenance?
Hast taught thy eyes to weep, as if thy tears
Did strive to wash thee into red and white?
Canst thou exclaim on cruel Beauty; crie
Ay me! with a most sad dejected grace?
Shis. What have I done? sure she would fain perswade
This smooty Blackmore to be my rival.
Elis. Canst change with art the tenour of thy looks?
Now casting up thy wretched eyes to heaven,
As if from thence thou mean'st to beg for pity;
Now fixing them on earth, as if thou had'st

Seen Mercie drop, but lost it in the fall;
Canst thou profoundly now be perjur'd too?
For know Thuano, all this thou must doe,
And swear that so does he who did present thee:
Yet none can personate these graces truly,
But he who feels the passion which he acts.

Shift. She doth abuse me, evidently mock me;
Ladie, the Page I praise hath worthier gifts
Then those you name, his skil holds in his hand
The little Statute-book of heaven can read
The Starres decrees, and shew what they intend
Of weal or woe.

Friend. Pardon me, noble goodnesse,
That I am dumb so long unto your quæries,
Which do so feelingly describe my state,
That in them I may read the lively picture
Of the commanding passion in my breast;
For know, (if you will others fortunes know
Before your own) that once it was my lot
For to be lov'd; O most unworthy I,
For to be lov'd by one so good, so fair!
Whom yet my youthfull careleſnesse or pride
Did so neglect, that love did in revenge
Blast me with this deserv'd deformitie.
But seeing in my punishment, my fault,
And looking back upon the happinesse
I had so wretchedly forsook, I then
Too late began to love, though yet (they say)
Her love continues still; but sooner shall
The night and day be one, e're I'le bestow
This foul Thuano on so sweet so fair,

Shif. Loves penance is but short, if you repent;
Sir I accept your gift, whose worth doth lesse
Measure my thanks then your more worthy love.
I now will take my leave, to study how

I may

may requite ... *Exit.*

Shift. The thanks you leave behind,
Are far above the gift you carrie hence.
Courage, my heart; she cannot be unkind,
If that her words be image of her mind. *Exeunt*

Enter *Crab, Goodwit, Cunningenger, Lydia.*

Crab. My prettie *Lydia*, I have seen to day
The cruell'ſt sight, it grieves my heart to speak't.
Lyd. And I to hear't; I pray you talk of mirth,
I can't endure these tales of crueltie.
Crab. But I must tell it too; a handsom woman,
'Cause the King's son in love would ly with her
Against her will, would needs go kill her self.
Lyd. What did she kill her self against her will?
Crab. I say against her will he lay with her:
I have forgot the foolish woman's name.
Goodw. It was Lucrece that chaſt, a primitive
Roman, who in the humor of the time,
Did in vain-glory kill her self for Fame;
But know, our soil breeds none so desperate.
Cun. 'Faith and the Romans too are now more wise.
Good. And thou saist true, for they who read her storie,
And in their antick Arras see her bleed,
Pitie her Folly, and not praise her deed.
Crab. Well I am sure she was a handsom wench,
And but for shame, I could have found my heart-
Good. A wench Sir, 'twas a boy did personate
Unto those times, a well becoming fate.
But then was then, and women now are women.
Cun. And you say true; for is it not think you
A most unnatural thing, for any woman
To stab her self? well, had my Lydia bin

That

That Lucrece, you sweet sir, that sweet King's
son ---.. Ent. *Falconer.*
I'le say no more, but truly you shall finde
Her neither to her self, nor you unkinde.
Crab. I hope so, else I must with sorrow sing,
Why should passion lead the blinde?
'Cause my Lydia proves unkind.
Falc. This is vile musick, not to be compar'd
With the melodious bleating of my sheep.
Good. What means the man? I hear no sheep
but one.
Falc. 'Tis true, while you now spoke, but one
did bleat;
But if you heard a hundred chime together,
You'd swear it were most admirably sweet. *Shakes*
How like you this my hearts? doth not exceed *his*
The Quire of Paul's, or all the holy bells *bag.*
Which most devoutly sing the time o'th' day?
Crab. 'Faith Dick this sheepish harmonie is
sweetest,
When they are pen'd up in these narrow folds;
But where's my Ring, the token that I sent?
Falc. The stubborn Baillie swears that he will
keep it
To shew your uncle for his own discharge;
But who regards the bait, that has the fish?
Cau. 'Tis a wise sentence Richard, and a true;
But this is now no time for sentences,
'Tis eight a clock, and supper stayes for you.
Falc. And let it stay; I know you long to sup
Upon my mutton: but where's all my thanks
For my good speed? does it deserve no more,
That by a trick I chang'd my tired jade,
To hasten my return, that by my wits
I took the prey out of the Harpies foot,
Who strongly gript it, 'till I boldly swore,

You

You would undoe him and his Family;
And shew'd his bag and wallet in the starres;
Does not all this deserve a welcom home?
Cun. Sir you are welcome home most heartily.
Falc. That's not enough: you now ought all do penance
For your neglect; you Mrs. Cunnimonger,
And Mr. Goodwit too, shall wait on me
This night at Supper; Lydia I pardon
For my good Masters sake, him for his own:
So Lydia, seal this pardon with a kiss.
Crab. O traitor, villain, sacrilegious villain!
Falc. Nay 'tis decreed, and she must offer't too.
Or else farewell, this purchase is my own.
Cun. Alas sir, what's a kiss? what would you do
If his desert should ask a greater thing?
Crab. If it must needs be so, I prethee sweet
Lydia, dispatch me quickly from my pain.
Lyd Sir I obey your praiers, not his commands.
Falc. Here, take the price of my felicitie.
Crab. And be thou honour'd with our order more,
Thy carefull speed dubs thee a knight o'th' post:
Thy office be, for to begin the way,
While I behind do wipe thy kiss away. *Exeunt.*

Enter old *Goodwit* (with a letter and the ring,) *Dove.*

Old *Good.* Cheated by fools and villains! this is fine;
And my wife Bally thinks he has done well,
Because he kept this token, when he should
Arrest the slave which brought it, and now here
He writes the threats which overcame him; well,
I will go down to prevent further ills,

Be

Be it your care for to revrive the stray.
Dove. I warrant you, if sense and skill can do't.
This afternoon a little businesse called me
Into a Draper's shop, whom I did find,
Booking a debt, to which was superscrib'd
My straggling master's name, though he indeed
Was but a surety (as the Draper told me)
For the poor sneak which did intice him hither,
Who now it seems is casting of his skin,
O. Good. Imploy your time and study to rewinde
This snake from his Caduceus, the main staff,
Which doth support him, and unsinuate
Him from that breast that gives him lively heat.
Dove. Sir, I have won upon this Citizen
To know their lodging and their daily haunt,
And for some secure curtesies of hope,
He will arrest this Snake, in's cloak of credit
As soon as it can warm him, and will free
My Master, whom I mean for to secure
From the enquirie of this noisome viper.
O. Good. Be speedie in your course; I hope you see
Your charge already, to infuse my neece
And daughter in my absence, from the busie
Courtship of idle suits, and to finde
My nephew in this peopled wilderneſſe.
Dove. This is my task alone, your Neece and Daughter
Will finde sufficient guard in their own vertues.
O. Good. Well, now the night invites to bed, betimes
I'th' morn, my jorney, and your charge begins.
Exeunt.

Act.

Act. IV. Scen. 1.

Enter *Dove* & *Falconer*.

Dove. Fortune and Love befriend me; my old Master
By this hath left half of his way behind him;
And though I am ſtill doing, my ſucceſſe
Doth call me idle, my young wanding Squire
Lay not at home to night, and hereabouts
Should be the place they ſupt at, if my draper
Be not deceiv'd in his intelligence; *Enter Fale.*
But ſoft! who have we here? the Falconer. nay
Slink not away good Richard, here are none
But friends and fellow ſervants; why doſt look
About thee ſo, doth any man purſue thee?

Fale. No, no, but who had thought to meet thee here?

Dove. Not thee I dare to ſwear, but tell me how
Our Maſter does, and his refinde ſeducer;
Does his new upper weed become him trimly?

Fale. Does he ſpeak out of knowledge, or by chance?
'Faith Tom my Maſter's well, exceeding well,
Looks and lives like himſelf, that's like an heir
Deliver'd from tuition; but what means
Your riddle of new weeds, and trim ſeducers?

Dove. Would neither thou nor I knew what it meant.
But I will poſe you with more riddles yet;
Are there not certain femal ghoſts do walk
This quarter, ſilken ſome, and ſome of ſtuffe;
Some ſingle, ſome in couples, and ſome ſquir'd.
But above all, is not the houſe you ſupt at

Feaſt-

Fearfully haunted? are these riddles too?
Falc. 'Tis well we left the Countrey; sure they do
Begin to studie witchcraft here of late:
Art thou awake? or dost thou dream of ghosts?
I dare to swear here's greater store of flesh
Then spirit, but if any such there be;
Thou art a huntsman, take but a little pains
If that they crosse this quarrer, thou maist prick um.
Dove. I do not mean to hunt them to the buttock;
But tell me truly, what severe occasions
Calls thee abroad out of thy nest so early?
Falc. I had as good confesse, he knows already;
The truth is, Tom, my Master's to be married,
I now go for a Priest to do the feat.
Dove. How? married? and you go for the Vicar
Of hel to join em for there the match was made:
If thou wast one bare witnesse to the contract,
Now in the name of all the Furies, tell me
What's she must be my Masters Succuba.
Falc. I was not much mistaken, I did think
He was a Witch, he proves a Conjurer.
I'le shew thee what she is, by shewing what
We are, that is to say, her servant's servants;
There's a Court riddle Sir for you to pick;
She's one that's taken with my Master's wit,
As he is taken with her chastitie:
A fine young thing, that newly puts out rewen,
Such excellent game, that mighty love would change
Himself into Merlin to enjoy her.
Dove. Do not thou talk of game, when I'me in earnest,
And

And be thou honeſt, elſe the gallows ſhall
Make a ſhort end of all thy knaverie,
For ſtealing of the Farmer's nag: by whom
(Speak truth upon thy peril) was my Maſter
So ſuddenly inveigled to his ruine.

Fale. Fear prompts me to ſpeak truth againſt my nature:
Now as I live Tom, I'le not lye; there dwells
Within that houſe, a prettie handſome Tit,
Whom our wiſe Maſter fain would lie withall;
He's very hot upon the ſpur, but ſhe
Being inſtructed by her cunning Aunt,
Thanks him, and takes him up again at pleaſure.
Something ſhe gives him leave to do, but not
What moſt he would; and ſo at once ſhe does
Inflame his ſharp deſires and tame them briefly,
She vows he nere ſhall ly with her, before
He marries her, which he reſolves to do.

Dove. But I do mean to croſſe his reſolution;
Your taſk muſt be for to forget your errand.
See him no more till noon, at your return
Any excuſe will ſerve, and ſo farewell. *Exit Fale.*
I ſhall not need your aid to my deſigns,
I never ſhall be able to redeem him
By my own power, I muſt require my maſter
And fellow ſervant Friendly to aſſiſt me.
Nor dare I truſt this villain, here's a toy
In town to ſeek him, with a barn to boot;
I will direct her to him, ſhe ſhall call
His arrant rogueſhip 'ſtead a man of worſhip,
And there with open mouth cry out for marriage;
Where he ſhall take his choice, whether he'le go
To Church or Priſon, for he'le nere be able
To purchaſe bayle for keeping of the child.
So there is one impediment diſpatcht;

Yet

Yet I forget the aid I promis'd to
The Draper in his suit unto Elisa,
Who with his painted mose by this is acting
Her servant Friendly, whom I said was travail'd.
In which disguise he thinks to win her too;
But I must now deprive the Blackamore
Of all this mirth, in seeing of his shape
Usurp't; while he stands mute to hear another
Courting his dearest Mistress in his name.
But why do I thus talk away the day,
When I should dot lest time be vainly spent,
To redresse ills which care might once prevent.
Exit.

Entet *Crab*, *Lydia*, *Cunnimonger*, *Goldwit*, and *Hog*.

Crab. Come Lydia, now the time draws nigh, when we
With worthies male and female shall enrich
The needy world; this morn I sent unto
A cunning man to learn the fittest time
For to engender Wits in, he replyes,
This night 'twixt twelve and one, do not omit
Thy nuptial duties, the starres counsel it;
If that thou wilt beget a wit transcendent,
This night is Hermes lord of the Ascendent;
Well soon I mean for to invite the wits,
Or as thou call'st them Frank, Deipnosophists,
Unto my bridal supper; where I will
Have nothing but braines diversly cook't
Of birds, beasts, fishes, tish-pigs, and woodcocks;
Our drink shall be brisk claret, for to refine
The Infant's sparkling Ingenie: but now
Where shall we finde a cook of wit that has
Not had his education in the kitchin,
Whose brain's not overcast, with mistie clouds
Arising from the steam of grosser meats.

Cun.

Cun. I'le be your cook Sir, and though I do
say't,
I have as good a wit of a grosse body,
As any woman ever need to boast of.
Gond. Never take care for choosing of your
cook,
The very dressing of the braines will make him
witty.
Hig. Take you no thought for cook, or cheer,
leave these
To mine and my old Master's care; you now
Must feast upon your sweet delicious wife,
She will be meat and med'cine to you. for her
sight
Alone, the shaking ague will affright;
And soon at night, if you do not awry go,
She'le ease you suddenly of the Tertigo,
Yea before Galen, she will cure the feaver
With her down belly, and her thighes of bever.
Crab. How? bever dost thou call them? I am
sure
That they were Felt last night; but do you hear?
Do not you call my Lydia my wife,
It is a name, the country people use.
Nor shall she call me husband, therefore Frank,
Prithee devise some fine Poetick names,
To dart at one another before strangers.
Gond. What do you think, if you were call'd
the Seal,
And she your wax? on whom in every kisse
You thus may seal the image of your love. *Kisses*
Lyd. Pray heaven I may wax worthy of his love
But trust me Sir, you do me injurie,
To think his love hath made so slight impres-
sion
Within my breast, that it may be defac't,

Like to a fading image made in wax.

Goodw. How think you Ladie then, if you were called
His Cynosure, the fay'ers starre, by which
They finde their way thorough the pathlesse seas;
By this they frame their course, you Sir must be
The Pilot, which does steer by her blest light
Alone, unto the haven of your blisse:
Or if you will be an Astronomer,
In every kisse thus you may take her height.

Kisses her.

Crab. Me thinks this Cynosure's a pretty name. I prethee tell me what it signifies.

Goodw. It signifies properly the dogs taile.

Crab. Ha, ha, ha; 'tis the best jest was ever heard or read of.

Good. 'Tis a good jest indeed can raise such mirth;
But my wit's hood winkt, for I cannot finde it:
I pray Sir tell us where the jest does lye.

Crab. Where it does ly? is it not evident,
That thou didst kisse the dog's taile. I shall nere
Love her again 'till thou hast chang'd her name.

Good. You lik't this well untill you understood it;
That you may learn from hence how happy 'tis
Sometimes for to be ignorant; what then
If she were call'd your Touchstone, you her straw,
For as the Touchstone doth examine metals,
So will she prove what metal you are made of;
And as the straw doth to the Touchstone skip,
So must you skip nimbly to her lip;

Kisses her

Thus must you cling in every kisse you give her:
But leave all the name of Lydia move me,
'Cause Lapis Lydius signifies a Touchstone.

Crab.

Crab. I like your reasons well, but not so well your often kissing, therefore hence, forbear.

Good. Touchstones the oftner tub'd, do draw the better.

Crab. Faitly put off, well, so it is decreed;
A Parliament of wits could not devise
More fitting names confirm'd with greater reasons.

Sing. To day the Priest shall make't a law,
That I shall be thy onely straw,
The virtue of whose Kiss shall draw,
Besides my self no other straw.

Lyd. Sings The Touchstone's black and so am I;
The Touchstone's hard, and so not I;
The Touchstone doth the metal try,
And as the Touchstone so will I.

Reg Sings. As soon in straw is kindled fire,
So you inflamed with desire;
Yellow's the straw, yet I suppose,
That you will ne're wear yellow hose.

Cus. I have no voice to sing, yet I will say
That this is Straw's and Touchstone's bridal day.

Goodw. Sure Hermes now is climbing to his height,
Who doth inspire your wits to versifie;
I would the Priest were come, for any time
This day will serve to do the trick you talk't on!

Crab. I, to get Wits, and I do mean to call
All my boyes Strawes, and all my wenches Touchstones.

Enter *Dove* and *Friendly*.

Dove. Master, heaven give you joy, fame sings that you
Are towards a wife, and I have brought a Priest.

Good. Your office bids you welcome, so are you.

Friend.

Fr. I thank my office then, let him thank you.
But know Sir, that I am no Priest, but servant
Vnto a sister of this Gentleman's;
She's now in town, and doth by me invite him
This day to dine with her at her own lodging.
Crab. I prethee tell her she shall dine with me;
She shall have gloves to boot, and you, and your
And now I think on't, she and my cousin Wis
Shall be my bride-maids, prethee tell um so.
Fr. First I must tell you, that I do not mean
To make a fruitlesse errand; my adventure
Is to redeem you from these Harpies clawes.
Gosd Prethee how many Harpies are there heist
Friend. E'ne a full mess, of every sex a pair.
Gosd. Peace, or I'le teach your Gipsie-ship
some manners.
Dove. Would you would teach your self some
honesty;
Vncloud your brow Sir, for 'tis not a frown
Can fright us from our purpose; therefore Sir,
Resolve to leave this shop of sin and shame,
This furnisht ware-house of Iniquity.
Crab. Honest *Tom* Huntsman, have but patience.
Lyd. is this a Huntsman Sir? now out upon him.
He smells most vilely of the kennel; such a one
As this same fellow is, and sixteen couple,
Did eat my father quite out of the countrey.
Dov. 'Tis cheaper keeping a whole hoast of dogs,
Then one such costly sizling hound as you.
Con. Now out upon thee naughty man, prophane
Dog-driver, call heaven's creatures sizling
hounds?
Dov. And salt Bitch too, for such are she & thou.
Gosd. This idle rogue would fain be beaten sure.
Enter two Serjeants.
Dov. I would indeed, 'tis one part of my business.

Hog.

Hog. You shall not go without your errand then.

1. *Serj.* Hold friends, as you are men, this open house
Promist the ending of some feast, but wee
Are come to the beginning of a fray.

Dov. About your business friend, that is the man.

2. *Serj.* Sir, the King greets you well.

Good. I'me glad he's well.

Cun. Ye are two paltry knaves, thus to intrude
Into a private house; good Gentlemen,
Free a poor widows house from these vile catch-poles.

Dove. Away Sir, we will free't from honest men.
Exeunt *Dove, Friendly, Crab.*

Good Vnhand me Sirs, I mean to put in bail.

1. *Serj.* Discharge the debt Sir, that's your only bail.

Cun. Why what's the debt? here's one will see you paid;
Oh me! he's gon, but I will follow him. *Exit.*

Good. I prethee *Hog* assist me 'gainst these villains.

Hog. Loose him, or else by Termagaunt I will.

2. *Serj* Will ye be pork or bacon, I'le provide
A feast for Pluto; hence, unlesse you mean
The Furies shall make Puddings of your guts.

Lyd. Good friends do not abuse the Gentleman.

1 *Serj.* We'le not abuse him chicken, for thy sake
We'le see him where he shall be safe enough.

Hog. Come Mrs. *Lyddi*, let us in, you see
It is not in our power for to help him.

Good. Let your unmanner'd gripe unseize my shoulder,
Or I will time your heads into a nooze,
As Hipponax did Bupalus, or baskin'd
Archilocus Lycambe, I will rogues.

2. *Serj.* That's a good jest I swear, I'de fain see that;

This fellow's sure in a Poetick rage.

Good. Or if your fears make you decline the room,
I'le brand your name with profound infamie.

1. *Serj.* Profound infamie! what a fine word's that;
Go D'ye grin ye dog? would I were loose again.

2. *Serj.* No sir, the dog's name's holdfast, that you'le finde.

Ent. *Cunningar.*

Cun. Kickt, beaten, cheated of my guest? was ere
Poor woman thus abus'd; but which is worse,
My silly Neece fondly restor'd the bag
Of which she once was Lady Treasurer.

Good. This is ill newes, my hopes lay in that bag.
Sweet Mistress lend me for an hour or two
The seasonable price of my releasement,
You know my friend will faithfully repay't.

Cun. Alas good Sir, what would you have me do?
You know how poor and nakedly we live,
All I can lend's my pity and my prayers.

Good. Thy pity proves me wretched, and thy prayers
Do make me hopeless, for they'l there be heard.
Keep your devotion till your Carting, Madam,
And leave me to the mercy of these fiends.

Cun. Sweet man, I have no power to part from him.

Goo. Then stay there still, my kind affliction.

1. *Serj.* Come Sir, you see your hopes, please you walk?

Good. Yes, lead me on unto my Purgatory;
Yet stay a while and hear a word of reason.

2. *Serj.* Let it be brief reason then, very brief.

Good. 'Tis only this, I know by circumstance,
You are employ'd by draper Whittington.

1. *Serj.* 'Tis very true, if this be all, let's walk.

Good.

Good. The debt which you arrest me for is owing for this same cloak I wear, the debt is young, This the first day of wearing; give you him his cloak again, and me my liberty.

2. *Serj.* He did give us no such commission sir, Yet what lyes in our power we will befriend you, We'le place you where he shall be sure to finde you;
That if his pleasure be to visit you,
You may your self deliver the condition.

Good. If this be all your kindness, march away; Farewell old noble true-penny, farewell.

Cas. Farewell sweet man, I cannot chuse but weep.

Good. Now I am yours, yet still my mind is free,
To triumph over Fortunes injury. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Friendly, Elisa, Dove.*

Friend. Believ't, 'twas no small task to get him off.

Elis. Where have you dispos'd of him in love's name?

Friend. Where he must learn loves lesson, with my sister.

Elis. I hope that he will learn by her example: But what's the reason Dove, you did warn me Of my new suiter, whom you sent, who does With confidence usurp my Friendly's name; And why did you direct him to a Painter, Who trimly made his mole on the wrong side?

Dov. Only sweet Mistress, for to make you merry.

Elis. Thou didst not miss thy ayme, for I did laugh

To see my fruitlesse labours. When I could
By no means make him think he was not
Friendly,
But when I call'd for water, for to prove
Whether he would endure the test; Lord how
The Gallant chaf't. But yet my Cousin Win
Thought all this while I did but counterfeit,
Untill she saw a just disdain possesse
My brow. Then she indeed began to blame
My unkind entertainment of a stranger.
To her I left him then to make amends,
For that wherein my rudenesse did offend;
And if I am not in loves art mistaken,
(As sure I am not) my sweet Coze is taken.

Dove. May heaven say amen unto your guess,
Then am I master of my ends: for he
Is rich and thrifty, and I yet may live
To see my Mrs. *Win* my Lady Mayoresse.

Friend. Faith I do long to see how much he's
like me.

Elis. indeed 'tis pity sorto interrupt em.
Did you not say you knew my other suter?

Friend. Hang him a slave, which rents his
hackney chin
To city falling-stars, and toothlesse madams.
But I will sowce him for his sawcinesse.

Elis. He is more sawcy yet then you doe
think;
Now I receiv'd this Letter, pray you read it.

Friend. reads it.

Fr. I am not ignorant how well you love me;
And Lovers know what Lovers most desire.
I hear your Vncle's not in town. I leav't
Vnto your wit for to beguile your Cousin,
And meet me soon at Mrs. *Cunnimongers.*
Ill'e read no more! monster of goatish boldness

Ma

May he first twine with Scorpions. For love's sake
Tell me of what complexion are my hose?
Elif. I'me jealous of my self, although not guilty
Of word or look, which carried lesse then scorn.
Deve. Ile solve this riddle. But this very morning
I met him here, enquir'd how well you liked
His Blackamore. I did reply the truth.
And added this which I did think was true,
(And which no doubt's the cause of his presumption)
That you did love him better for his gift.
Elif. You should have said that I did hate him lesse.
But now I hate him most, who thinks me false.
Deve. The carriage of this businesse leave to me,
Ile fit him with another bed fellow,
Onely lend me your name to bring him on.
Elif. Be sure my honour do not suffer in't.
Deve. 'Tis in your power to secure your honour.
What fitter time then this to tie that knot,
Which onely fate is able to untie?
Your Uncle's absent, and your Neece employ'd;
Let this hour execute the heavens decree,
And the Priest joyn their hands whose hearts agree.
Friend. I dare not to dissent from his advice,
Seeing time it self doth seem to counsell us.
Elif. Thy goodnesse (*Friendly*) won me, let thy vertues
Guide me, for them I ever will obey.

Dove. be ſpeedy then, for time makes no delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Phillis* and *Crab.*

Crab. Hard hearted Tigre, unkind Adamant.
Phil. You are miſtaken ſir, my name is *Phillis.*
Crab. O thou haſt kill'd me with thy cruelty.
Phil. Have dead men learn't to walk and talk again?
Truſt me, I nere ſaw ghoſt yet better fed.
Crab. 'Tis true, I live, but yet a dying life.
Phil. Leave your book-wooing ſir, you doe not doe
It handſomly. If you will love by art,
Your careleſs habit muſt proclaim your paſſion;
Your hat without a band, Garters unti'd,
Your trayling Cloke, dejected look, croſs armes,
Should be dumb arguments of your affection.
Crab. If this be all, I'le quickly prove I love.
Hat be no more acquainted with a band,
Garters be never ti'd again, and thou
My careleſſe Cloke be witneſſe of my woe,
While thus I look, and thus I croſſe my armes.
Phil. Next you ſhould ſing loves power, and your misfortune,
Which lord it o're you in a diſmal ditty.
Crab. I'le ſing no ſong but this. *Phillida* flouts me:
Yet now I think on't, ſummer laſt, when firſt
I ſaw you. I compil'd this ſugred ſonnet
Phillida was a fair maid, *He Sings.*
As freſh as any flower;
Whom *Harpalus* the Heardſman pray'd
Might be his Paramour.

Phil

Phil. But *Phillida* was all to coy *Ph sings*
For *Harpatus* to win,
For *Corin* was her onely joy.
Crab. Prethe sweet heart, let me be *Corin* then.
Phil. Sir, I will not requite your love with scorn.
Your love hath purchas'd mine, on this condition,
I must command your house. Welcome my friends,
Keep shocks, and monkeys, parats, parakitoes,
And all things else I like for my delight.
Wear clothes befitting your estate, my birth,
You shall keep what retinue I think fit,
What horses, coaches, litters; and what not?
And when I please you must be lorded too.
Crab. I will be any thing which thou wilt have me.
Phil. You shall be nothing then, which not becomes you;
I know lords not so rich, nor half so wise.
Crab. Touchstone farewel, thy Straw bids thee adieu.

Ent. *Dove* singing.

Dove sings. Come, come away, to the Temple I say,
And celebrate this Wedding day.
Your sister, master, and your brother, mistress
This day are to be married, and expect
Your company to grace the Nuptials.
Crab. To morrow I do mean they shall grace ours.
Tom, she's mine own, my Wit at last hath won her.
Dov. Make it one business then, let's hast & get
A Licence, though 'tis late i'th' afternoon;
I have procur'd a Priest apochryphal,

Who not regards the houres Canonical.
Crab. Amen say I. *Phil.* In troth so do not I.
Did you not say that you were dead? I will
Not dance the shaking of the winding-sheet.
Crab. I am reviv'd again, my pretty duck;
But I do wonder where my Falcner is.
Dov. I met him and his doxy marching now
With Mr. Constable, before a Justice;
When he's at leisure, doubtless he'l find you out.
Mean while your own occasions beg your hast.
Crab. Come then away, god Cupid be our speed.
Exeunt

Enter Iustice *Budge*, *Falconer*, *Grace*, *Constable*.

Budg. Sirra, how durst you get this maid with child?
Falc. May't please you sir, it is a native valour,
Deriv'd upon me from my ancestors.
Budge. Well sirra, well, I'le teach you not to have
The fear of grace before your eyes, I will.
Falc. That lesson I have learnt already sir;
And practis'd too, and to say truth, with us
We use to fall to without saying grace.
Budge. The truth is, thou art an ungracious varlet;
'Tis well for thee my wife is not at home.
She'd ring thee a peal should make thy eares to tingle;
Mr. Constable knowes she can speak well.
Const. For wit she is the glorie of her sex,
And fame doth sing her worthy to be wed
To one alone, who sits in justice seat;
Her tongue is tipt with Eloquence, for this
And for her other gifts, the city rings on her.
Bud. And well it may, you know she is a Bell,

That

That is, you know her name is Isabell.
Conſt. Now by my loan, a witty Apophthegm.
Bad. And fellow what ſaiſt thou? this 'tis to ſhed
My wit amongſt unletter'd Animals.
Falc. Blame rather ſir the height of your conceits,
Which are exalted far 'bove humane ſenſe.
Conſt. What doſt thou call his worſhip, non-ſenſe?
Budg. Let that alone, and go we to the purpoſe;
Fellow, wilt have this woman to thy wife?
Falc. My name is Richard ſir, & I will have her,
With the ſame will I did appear before you.
Budg. Well, if thou wilt not have her to thy bride,
I mean to have thee married to Bridewell.
Conſt. 'Tis good again, incomparably good!
Fal Good do you call't? I'me ſure tis bad for me.
Budg. Woman, how doſt thou uſe to call thy name?
Grac. My name is Grace, an it ſhall like your Worſhip.
Budg It like my worſhip well, but this vile fellow
Wants grace, and yet rejects it when tis offer'd.
Conſt. This is ſtill good, better and better ſtill;
Sirra, how doſt thou like his Worſhip's wit?
Falc. I think his brain is like a lottery,
Where blanks and prizes moſt unequally
Are mixt; his common talk I call the blanks,
His jeſts the prizes, of which alſo are
Twenty of little worth, for one of value;
Of which firſt ſort when now there were drawn three,
Your tongue was trumpet to the lottery.
Conſt. Sir, this is open *Scandalum magnatum*.
Budg. See where my Clark and's Miſtris are come home,
That he may quickly write his *Mittimus*.

Falc. Pray stay your Iourney friend, rather then so,
I'le marry this same small impediment.
Budg. That might have serv'd your turn, but now you are
To be committed for a petrie Treason.
Falc. Will you your self be judge in your own cause?
Budg. And who so fit as I? for who will do
Sir Roger Budge more right than Iustice Budge?
Falc. Then here upon my knee I humbly beg,
That you'l be mercifull as you are wise.
Grace. And I, that you'l be Iust as mercifull;
That is, that you will make him marry me.
Budg. He has his pardon upon this condition.
Come rise my friend, I'me pleas'd with thy submission:
And Grace I thus will grace in greeting her. *Aside.*
This night you all shal sup with me, where we'l fix
Confirm the match, and I believe 'tis time,
For now me thinks my stomach 'gins to chime. *Exeunt.*

Act. V. Scen. 1. Ent. *Shift & Hog.*

Shift. Shame and perdition fall upon this gipsie.
His false predictions are like oracles,
Deceiving with their Ambiguity.
Hog. What ailes the man? sir, have unquiet dreams
Troubled your rest to night, that you thus talk
Wildly of gypsies, and predictions;
Of oracles and ambiguities.

Shift

Shift. I'le tell thee Hog, I had a fortune lately
Told me, which did imply I should injoy
Her, unto whom I oft had su'd in vain,
Hog. Your Fortunes true: for you have often su'd
Unto my Mistris Lydia in vain.
Because her nights were at too dear a rate,
Yet you have found her thrown into your arm's.
Shift. I do confess't, and therefore I complain
Upon my Fortunes ambiguity,
Which I applyed unto a wealthy heir,
Whose maiden zone I hop't for to untie.
Hog. I hope that Lydia made you sport enough,
Shift. I,le not deny's, yet the mistake doth vex me,
Though 'tis my loy I am not gull'd alone
Hog. If to injoy fair Lydia alone,
You call a gull, then you are gull'd alone,
Shift. I mean this gipsie hath deceived others,
(If it be lawfull to believe a Huntsman)
For telling this sweet Ladies fortune, whom
But now I nam'd, before a Cityzen
Who did usurp the name of her olde servant,
He said within theee nights she should Embrace
The man whom she would honour with the stile
Of Husband, whom she present did behold
Though his disguise did then conceal his person,
Which the vain gull apply'd unto himself,
When I more justly may the Fortune claim,
Because I am not what my outside speaks me.
Hog. How can that be, seeing you were not present?
Shift. She might behold me present to her fancy.
This meaning only my thoughts look't upon.
Hog. For shame leave talking of these gulleries,
The truth is this, the Huntsman whom you nam'd
Did purchase you the pleasure of this night,

Remember now you told me in the Evening
When you were drunk with wine and loy, you meant
To Wed this beauty, which you came to meet,
But found contriv'd in bed before you came,
Say then sir, will you marry Lydia?

Shift. Thou know'st she has a foolish property
Might make me pardon my self this mistake,
Yet I regard not that which nicer men
Do blame; the thing I might dislike in her
Is, that she's poor, but yet to shew, that I
Am a Philosopher, I'le marry her.

Heg. Nobly and wisely spoke, and cheat your heart
Though she be poor, she cannot make you poorer

Shift. This consolation my Philosophie
Doth likewise teach me, but I'le tell thee newes,
I have a husband in the pickle too
For thy old Mistris, one of her own trade,
For both of them do live by coupling sexes,
He in olde Saxon's call'd a march-maker.

Heg. Good sir for once do you usurp his office
To make this decent match, and I'le assist you.

Shift. I do arrest thy promise, yesterday
I hear his worship sought me at my lodging,
But first I'le give him a preparative.

Heg. I'le give him that shall work I warrant you;
First I'le advance my Mrs. wealth and vertues,
Then swear the greatness of my own revenew's
Which I gain only by the Fees of suiters.

Shift I do not doubt thy art, go and prepare
Thy Mrs too, within this hour or two
I'le send him, untill then adieu. *Heg.* Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter *Falconer* and *Grace.*

Falc. And why wilt thou needs have me marry thee?

Gra. 'Cause

Grace 'Cause I would have you make me an honest woman.

Falc. Why dost thou think all married women honest?

Grace. I cannot tell, but surely I am one If I am brought a-bed in matrimony.

Falc. Is that the point? but tell me when y'are married.
How think you to maintain your honesty?

Gra. You know the Iustice promis'd us last night His worships licence to sell ale i'th city.

Falc. Now you have hit it; was't ere heard that women
Maintain'd her honesty by selling ale?

Gra. Surely I hear it is a thriving trade.

Falc Surely but not to thrive in honesty;
For if she be not open as her tub,
My Hostess takings will be very small,
Although her tanted ale be nere so strong.

Gra. I will do any thing which you will have me.

Falc. Then first I'le have you to release our contract,
Then I will have thee travel into Ireland,
There thou mai'st make a nurse. 'tis better far
Then live by'th muddy trade of selling ale.
And thank my bounty, which hath qualified
Thy inabilities for this imployment.

Gra. Did not you swear that you would marry me?

Falc. I have done better chick, far better, for I've layn with thee, which I had rather do
Twice twenty times, then marry the but once.

Gra Ay me, & shall my love be thus requited?
Yet know it is not in your power to leave me,
The Iustice now is witness of the contract,
Who I am sure will see it executed.

Falc.

Fale. Now thou hast truly said, what marriage is,
That is, an execution, well then since
It will no better be, lets quickly set
All things in order, and be executed.

Gra. As nimbly as you can good Richard, for
My time draws near, and I desire to be
An honest woman e're I am deliver'd.

Fale. Lets find my Mr. first, I do not mean
To leave him and his service to sell ale,
Where I last left him, thence, they say the devil
Fetcht him away, and sure he hath been there
For they look all as if they had been frighted,
And still he may be there, for they do talk
As if they were possest. come, let us go,
And when my Master's found, appoint the day
When thou'lt be married and I will obey.

Gra. Then this shall be the day, I'le be thy guide
To find thy Mr. and more guesse beside. *Exeunt*

Enter *Shift* and *Derrick*.

Shift. The haste of your return, I fear hath made
You leave more weighty business unperformed

Der. Care of your good makes me forget my own,
Yet in one day, (for know my clients do
Observe my day) I have directed ten
To their preferment, two to reputed maids
Which I do rank alone in my black book,
Three unto widows of the second head,
And five to maids of just maturity.

Shift. Pray Mr. Derrick are not you allied
unto the famous headsman of your name.

Der. Somewhat I am, but whats the cause you ask?

Shift. Because by you there is contriv'd the loss
Of many maiden heads.

Der. You'r merry sir,

For know our trades do differ much, as much
As the extreams of torment and delight.
My office is not staind with bloud, and those
Who suffer by my means do live to thank me,
I beg no pardon for my fault, before
The maid's depriv'd of her virginity.

Shift. Yet you may ask forgiveness afterwards
Of those who curse your pains, and find the hell
Of marriage worse then a decollation.

Dor. You shall want cause I hope for to complain,
When you shall see your flying love return
To meet you, that you freely may enjoy her.

Shift. Thanks unto both our pains, that I have done
Already, our close kisses have been warm'd
With the soft flame of love, and I have seal'd
The match so sure, that it doth need no witness.

Dor. Forget not him then that procured your blisse.

Shift. I am so full of joy, that you shall make
Your own conditions, and besides I will
(Be you not wanting to your self) in your
Own way requite you with a wealthy widow.

Dor. I am not yet so frozen, but my blood
Will heat without a fever, be then pleas'd
To give me a full knowledge of my hopes.

Shift. She hath a servant, who was sometimes mine,
And still desires to be so, for the love
I paid to his deserts, which he requires
In promising his aid to win his Mistris.
But you have happily prevented him,
And therefore no man fitter then your self
T' enjoy the benefit was meant to me.

Dor. I cannot but confess my self most fit,

And

And therefore I'le assent unto your offer.
Shi You shall take letters of my commendation
To my old servitour, his name is Hog,
One whom his Mistris justly doth regard.
Der. Let me alone for to commend my self;
I'le onely take your letters for to purchase
My free admittance, then condemn my cunning
If my own courtship do not win the widow.
Shift. Well may you speed, I'le presently go write.
Der. Though 'tis no need, I'le help you to indite.
Enter *Goodwit.* *Exeunt*
Good. How strangely fortune guides my destinies!
It is not yet five moons since I liv'd free,
Yet in a forrain haven, now I breath
My native aire, but want my liberty.
Which method of my fate, yet lets me see
Some likenesse in this contrariety.
For Spain to me was but a wider prison,
From whence there was no way unto my freedome,
But in a hazardous captivity.
Glad in a flotiog prison to be immur'd,
Since 'twas my safety to be so confin'd
Where I did fear more dangers, then I now
Do suffer, and so the bounteous heavens became
My School-Masters while they my mind prepar'd
For future sorrows by foregoing its;
And taught me, that my later sufferings
Are little blessings by comparison:
But that which lessens not my misery
In this constraint, is the society
Of a good old man my fellow prisoner,
The Rhetorick of whose love, would needs perswade
I have no cause of sadness, and I think

I have the leſſe, becauſe I think he loves me,
And why I know not, but lo here he comes.

Enter *Freeman*.

Free. Come I muſt chide you, 'cauſe you'l be alone.

Good. I take this place to be a monaſtery,
And we are all monaſticks by our order.

Free. This is a faind deriſion of your fortune,
I ſee your thraldome makes you melancholy.

Good. Sir, I have learn't that there is nothing free
But what is infinite. Captivity
Is the inheritance of all things finite;
Nor can we boaſt our liberty, though we
Are not reſtrained by ſtrong holds, when as
The neighbouring aire confines us. & each man
Is thraldom's perfect emblem, for in all
The ſoul is captive, and the bodi's thrall.

Free. Well can I ſee, that this Philoſophy
Is not the argument of true content,
But conſtrained patience, which ſeeks reaſons why
We ought to ſuffer, what we cannot flye:
But give me now to know my pardon firſt
Being granted for my curioſity.
Did fate or choice acquaint you with this gallant,
Who now unworthily doth ſee you want?

Good. I cannot without thanks recount the love
Of that good man, with whom I travelled, he
Was the ſole guide and guardian of my youth,
I was his onely care, his pupill, ſon,
So he, ſo all call'd and accounted me,
And I were moſt ingrate did I deny
My ſelf his ſon, whoſe love made me his heir.

Free. This anſwer's ſtrangely wide from what I aſkt.

Now I am shewing how this good old man
Being very sick, and ready for to pay
The debt he owed to nature, call'd me to him
And councell'd me for England, to receive
Some moneys owing him, but above all
To find a father: fate only lent him leave
To name his dwelling. and that done, he dyed.
Free. Still you seem forgetfull of my question.
Good. I now was coming too't when I had spent
Those sums, my forward'st creditours would pay,
Then I began to seek a father, where
My Father did direct me, there I found
You Mr. of the house. but this young gallant
(As I then learned) his Fathers onely son
Who late had purchast both the house and land,
I thinking then my Father was the seller
Meant with a sweet revenge to pray upon
The buyers heir, and therefore I entic'e
His folly to the City, but now I
Do justly suffer for my foul intents.
Free. However then you mist him, you shall find
A Father in that house, half uncle to
This vain expensive gallant, now your cozen.
Good. But how can you assure me in this much.
Free. My self is witness of the time, when you
Were first committed to the carefull trust
Of him who since adopted you his son,
My old friend Curtise, to confirm your faith,
Know, I am prisoner for a debt is owing
Unto your uncle this young gallants Father,
Which I was surety for, his rigour made
Me obstinate, but dying, he bestowed
This debt upon your Father, who is willing
To grant my freedome at an easier rate,
And I of him to purchas't at a greater.
Good. Thanks unto heaven and you, who thus
have lightned My

By sorrows by the knowledge of a Father,
I have debts owing, which would set me free,
That I may now go see him, for if I
Am son unto the Guardian of this heir,
He's now in town with his fair neece & daughter.
Free. I can command the price of both our free-
domes,
And be you rul'd by me, you shall enjoy
A greater happiness then liberty.
It's new bonda e but a sweeter,
Good. If our thoughts agree, your promise
crowns my wishes.
Free. When we are free, I will unfold the riddle
Before your Father, therefore my first care
Shall be we may enjoy an open aire. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Hog* and *Derrick*.

Hog. Sir, for my good old masters sake, I will
Do what I can, but this our little fort
Is so besieg'd with suiters, that *I* fear
The Governess will be constrained to yield
By open force, if she be not ensnared
By some strange stratagem of Poetry.
Der. I care not this for all their ribaldry,
I never read of widow, won by ryming.
Hog. This and another thing will do the feat
Infallibly, but you shall bear a copy
Sent her this morning, which you will confesse
Is very dangerous, thus it begins,
Even as the heedless flye, seeking to taste
The liquor glutinous, is taken fast
Within the galli-pot, so wretched I
Am caught, alas! by my viscosity,
Labouring for life in love-lime, such is my lot
For to be drown'd in Cupids galli-pot.
Then call me as I am, 'tis all I crave,
Sweet widow, thy intangled gally-slave,

Who

Who prayes to heaven, that by the ſtars direction
We of two ſimples may make one confection.

Der. This raſcal talks like an Apothecary.

Hog. He talks ſir as he is, and 'tis more likely
He will be worth his words, though he do promiſe
Miracles in theſe verſes following.
I am no common ſuiter, thou ſhalt ſee
I can do wonders by my faculties;
My drugs thy youth and beauty ſhall reſtore,
Level thoſe wrinckles, which age 'gins to ſcore
Upon thy furrowed brow, thy fading hue,
Cold bloud, decaying limbs, I will renew;
Cerus ſa aſſes milk and Mercury,
Lac Virginis, but pedling trifles be
To what I uſe; I give not by my art
Colour alone, but ſtrength to every part,
Which work when I have finiſh't in thee, then
I'le idolize thy beauty with my pen.

Der. And when this idoll's ſet up by the Noddy
I'le be the man ſhall worſhip her with my body.
You ſee ſir, I can rime too for a need.

Hog. Sir I am glad of your abilities,
Which may prevail, if that his threatning lines
Writ in poetick rage, do not o're come her,
When you have heard them with a judging ear.
You cannot blame her if ſhe long for fear;
Thus he goes on.
Yet know he begs who may command; my skill
Can temper for thy ſcorn a draught ſhall fill
Thy veins with rage, till thou haſt ſpent a night
In my Embrace, and dull'd it with delight,
Love-ſallets crept by Circe and Medea
Which Sagana with bold Canidia
Gathered by moon-light in mount Eſquiline
Are but weak Philters, if compar'd with mine:
Then think upon my power, and yield thy heart

Rather

Is'her toth' prayers of love, then strength of art,
Your humble friend and servitour. Iohn Pestle.

Der. This Pestle shall ne're pound i'th wi-
dows mortar,
I care not for his sorc'ry. he conjures best
Can raise an active spirit in her circle.

Heg. 'Tis that his verses threaten, had she seen um
I know not what effect they might have taken.

Der. Has she not seen um then? nor ever shall;
Thus ought seditious lines, haretical, *Snatches um,*
And Magical doctrine to be abolisht. *& tears um,*

Heg But for you friend, your ears shall feel,
that they
Are guilty too, of hearing of this doctrine.

Der. Nay, prethee honestly be not offended.
Here is a quarter Iacobin to buy
Thee cooling Iulips to allay thy choler.

Heg. I am appeas'd. now listen to the way
How to obtain my Mrs. first you must
Take no denyall, women often yield
Sooner to importunity then reason.

Der. Like to the warlike Ram I will assail her
So fiercely, that she shall not dare resist.

Heg. The very name of Ram is ominous, *aside*
May you prove none of those whose tongues are
stout
And threaten much before the onset, when
They come to fight, their noses fall a bleeding;
Now know my Mrs. chiefly in her match
Regards delight, promise enough of that;
'Tis the best widow lime, you apprehend me.

Der. I warrant thee I'le pay her debt is due
By rev'rend Solons law, thats thrice a month.

Heg. Wise Solon was a fool. I do perceive
You know not the commandements of love;
If you could do no more then Cybels Priests,

Talk

Talk like a Satyr, or you'l never win her,
Promise enough, but if your Impotence
Fall in performance, be it at your peril.
Der. Thou art too young to teach me how to woo,
I have prevailing Canons of my own,
Prethee begin the way unto thy Mrs.
Hig. So you might prove a warlike Ram indeed.
Der. To her I mean, not into her, that is
Go thou before, and I will follow thee.
Hig. My apprehension doth obey you sir. *Exeunt*

Ent. *old Good. Crab. Elisa. Friendly. Phillis, Wittington, young Good. Freman. Dove.*

Old Good. Cozens, heaven send you joy of your own choice,
As much as Mr. Friendly and his sister,
He hath deserv'd my Neece by freeing of
My Nephew from the hands of bawds & villains,
And cover'd this with a new benefit
In giving him his fair and vertuous sister.
Friend. Thanks unto heaven and you, I do enjoy
My hopes, my sister more then she could wish.
old Good. Thank heaven alone, you know my brothers will
Did bind my care to hinder you, next I
Confirm my daughters choice, joy to you all
As much as I conceive for the return
Of my long absent son, by thee no grief
Shall trouble the just gladness of this day
which is augmented by your liberty.
Kinde Mr. Freeman, unto whom I owe
Next heavens blessing, that I see my son.
Free. And I do owe to him that I am free,
'Tis for that goodness I saw shine in him,
I pay to you what rigour can exact.

Gods.

Good. Sir when your bag's unsealed, we will divide
Were I extream to you I were ingrate.
Free. I need no such requital, I have wealth
Enough, I only beg to be alli'd
To both your vertues, by the marriage
Of your best son unto my onely daughter,
Viis & modis, I will make her worth
Five thousand pounds, this is my sum to both.
young Good. Sir, let me beg your favour for to seal
Your blessing with this grant, mine eyes have
seen,
While she did daily visit her old Father,
More excellence united in her breast
Then there is scatter'd in all woman kind,
I never saw her but me seem'd, an Angell
Did come to comfort us, in our constraint,
She is all good, vertue it self Incarnate.
old Good. But how are you assur'd, that she who is
The Mrs. of such noble worth, doth love you?
young Good. Such sweetness can't want mercy, and
her face
Silently tells me, she is full of grace,
A thousand graces on her polisht brow
The throne of love, do lead their stately measures
And lower millions dance in either eye,
Their active rounds, with nimble majesty,
And if my love to her do not deceive me,
I saw love lighten from those eyes on me.
old Good. May your success, prove your love
doth not erre.
Free. My promise shall secure him, for I know
Her love of him, she thinks her only vertue.

Enter *Falconer* and *Grace.*

Fal. Lordings and Ladies save you, save you all
My good old Mr you are welcome first
Vnto the City, and I beg my pardon

For

For the late cheat I practis'd on the Farmer,
Next, I invite you all unto my wedding.
Cr. Faith Richard as your manners gave me leave
To marry first, so they might wish me joy too.
Falc. To explate my fault I wish you double
Ioy, Ioy and Ioy; that is, Ioy upon Ioy:
For I confess I heard it by your neighbours
And that my sometimes Fellow Francis is
My good old Mrs. son, and my young Master.
For which I Ioy, and wish him also Ioy.
To. Good I thank you Richard, but is this your Bride?
Grace For want sir of a better I am she.
Fal. Peace my Incarnate frailty, am not I
Thy head, then give me leave to speak, sir this
Is she, that frivolous thing I must call wife.

Ent. *Hog* (in a strange disguise, a Torch in his hand) *Shift, Lydia, Derrick,* and *Cunnimonger,* (following hand in hand.)

Elder. Good. But soft, what have we here, a mark?
Hog. Least any here, who has been musled up
In ignorance, and never yet did sup
Of the Poetick Fountain, should mistake me,
And for Alecto, or some fury take me;
Who ever thinks thus from the mark is wide all,
For I am he is guest at every bridall:
Welcome god Hymen, I am he doth lead
With my directing torch, the Bride to bed,
Where she with trembling joy doth long to taste
Those cates from which she hitherto did fast
Shift Now Mr. Hymen you are out, my Bride
Doth know the tellish of the thing you wait on.
Hog. I was not out till you did put me out,
But by my god-head I'le begin again.

The

The news of joyning of more loving hands
(Joy blesse the time) in matrimonial bands,
Hath fill'd the mouth of fame, and therefore hither
I bring these paires that with you altogether
May be present, suffer them to be here,
And they shall recompence with mirth your cheer.

Old Good. God Hymen's welcome and the guests he brings.
You sir, I am inform'd have been a suiter
Vnto my Neece, and that regard will claim
An invitation. my old neighbour Derrick
Hath as much right as your divinity
For to be present at these nuptial's.
For besides him we know no other Hymen;
Then mix your selves with us, and let us all
Contend who shall exceed in mirth, and may
The Brides sweet brows presage a glorious day.

Hymen waves over his couples to the other side with his Torch.

Hymen's EPILOGUE.

JOy and content to all that fill
The round, we beg not to our skill
A solemn clap, but onely hope
We have arrived at our scope,
That's your unfain'd delight, this we
Do still account our chiefest Fee;
And this we wish to every guest
As great as at our bridall feast,
That the reflection of your mirth
May breed in us a second birth
Of equall joy, while gladly we
Do give your smiles a plaudite.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.